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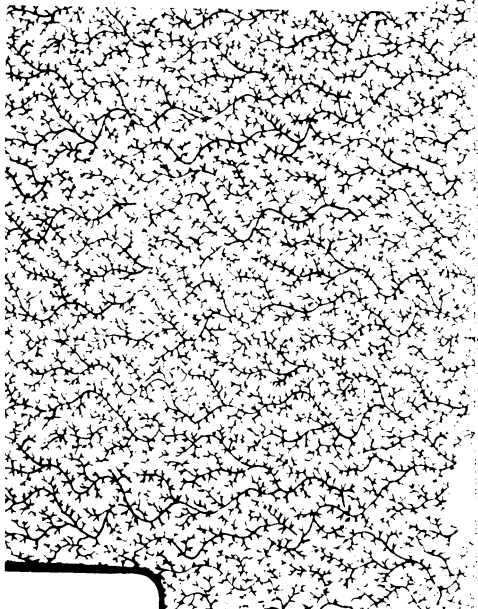
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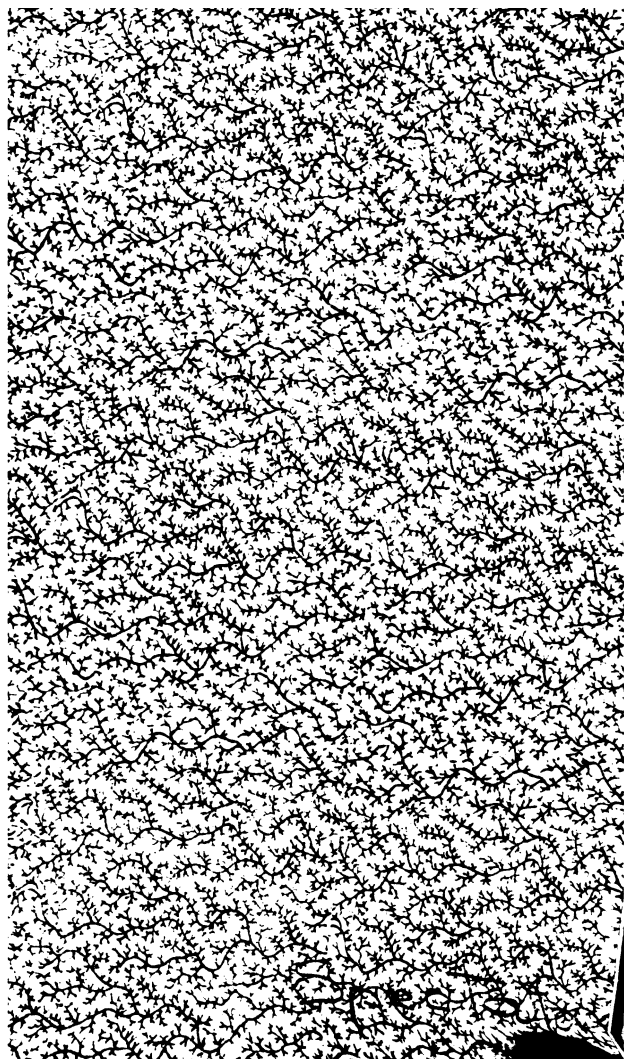
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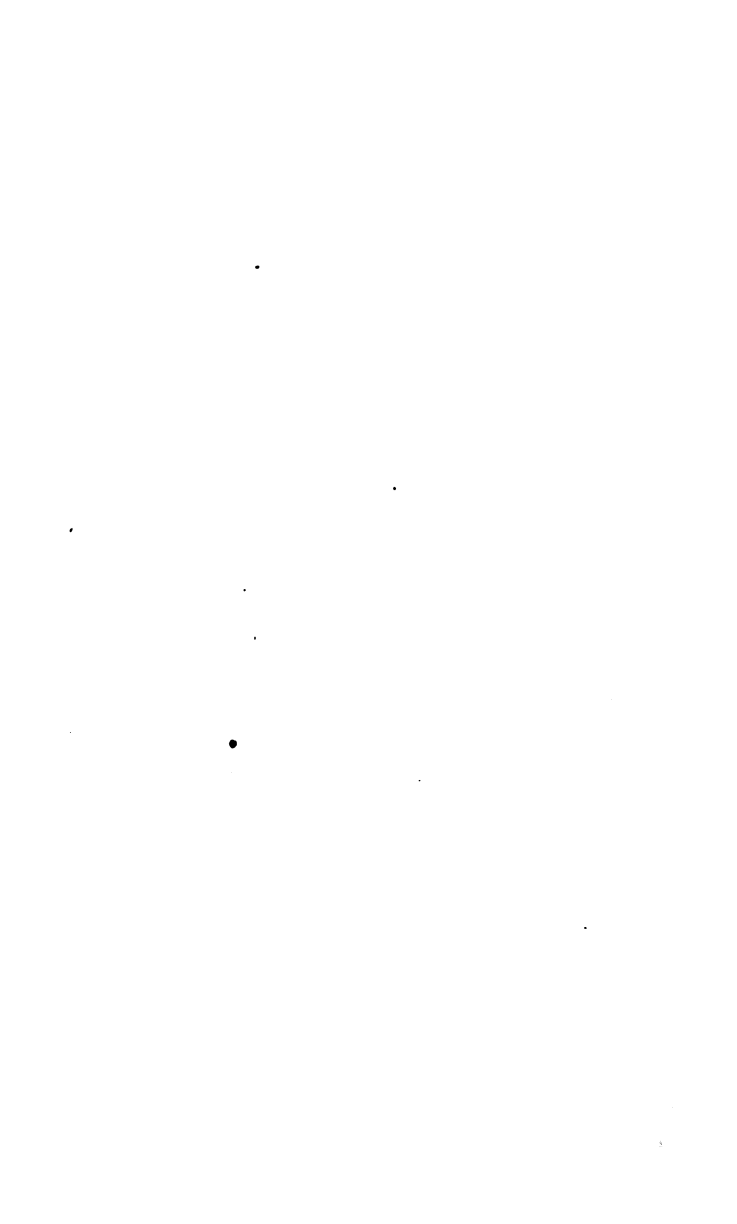












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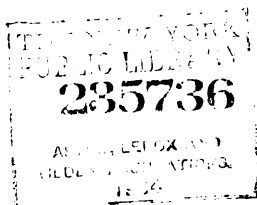
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3.10.74  
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# THE SPECTATOR.



No. 423. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1712.

*Nuper idoneus.*      HOR. OB.

Once fit myself.

I LOOK upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her may not be unuseful to the rest of the sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had, since she came to town, about twenty-five of those lovers, who make their addresses by way of jointure and settlement. These come and go with great indifference on both sides; and, as beauteous as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance



There is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter.

‘MADAM,

‘I have for some time taken notice of two gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both of whom have also easy access to you at your own house: but the matter is adjusted between them. And Damon who so passionately addresses you, has no design upon you, but Strephon, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the man who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a bottle of wine, and Strephon, when he first thought of you, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed at a tavern that I could not avoid hearing; Damon, said he, with a deep sigh, I have long languished for that miracle of beauty, Gloriana; and if you will be very steadfastly my rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not, continued he, be offended at this overture: for I go upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity that I should profit by an opposition of your pretensions to those of your humble servant. Gloriana has very good sense, a quick relish of the satisfactions of life, and will not give herself, as the crowd of women do, to the arms of a man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, expressions of rapture and adoration will not move her neither; but he that has her must be the object of her desire, not her pity. The way to this end is to be, that a man’s general conduct should

be agreeable, without addressing in particular to the woman he loves. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great respect towards her, but seem void of any thoughts as a lover. By this means I shall be in the most amiable light of which I am capable; I shall be received with freedom, you with reserve. Damon, who has himself no designs of marriage at all, easily fell into the scheme; and you may observe, that wherever you are, Damon appears also. You see he carries on an unaffected exactness in his dress and manner, and strives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in search of Strephon, and turn themselves of course from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day was a contrivance to mark your resentment. When you saw the billet subscribed Damon, and turned away with a scornful air, and cried impertinence! you gave hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

‘What I am concerned for, madam, is, that in the disposal of your heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost.—Strephon contradicts you in discourse with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these correspondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his visit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you

with one of love. Though you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the toils so well laid, as when one studies to be disagreeable in passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the turns of your temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful intelligence gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You will please, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured.

‘I am, Madam,

‘Your most obedient servant.’

Strephon makes great progress in this lady’s good graces; for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both those motives by this covert-way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon in the following words, superscribed, *With speed.*

‘All goes well: she is very angry at me, and I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to visit.  
‘Yours.’

The comparison of Strephon’s gayety to Damon’s languishment strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing yourself. This method of two persons playing into each other’s hand is so dangerous, that I can not tell how a woman could

be able to withstand such a siege. The condition of Gloriana, I am afraid, is irretrievable; for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do, is to bring him, now she is advised, to an explanation of his passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shows himself a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for succour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the world, and cast lots for the conquest.

*N.B.* I have many other secrets which concern the empire of love; but I consider that while I alarm my women, I instruct my men.

STEELE.

T.



## No. 424. MONDAY, JULY 7.

*Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.* HOR. EP.

'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings;  
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *London, June 24.*

'A MAN who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a

man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

‘In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times; at which, however, I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice.—Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

‘As for those who can not live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no play-houses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

‘I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger’s country seat; (107) which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly where the master of the family is such a one as you there describe your

friend, who can not therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated!—Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings.—And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

‘An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world, will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who, as Tully speaks, ‘*Mirâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*,’ have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling. And thus it happens that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is every one’s interest, there more particularly, to avoid them; because there, as I would willingly hope, no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it.—But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly we who pass most of our time in town dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy

we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined, insomuch that by Michaelmas it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson of good humour, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

‘ After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman’s seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences abovementioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary, from whence he is not to be relieved till by his manner of submission and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy

gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprove: but it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that if they can not cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity; the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good, by,

‘Sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘R. O.’

T.

STEELE.



No. 425. TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1712.

*Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit æstas  
Interitura, simul  
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.* HOR. Od.

The cold grows soft with western gales,  
The summer over spring prevails,  
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,  
As this to winter storms and hails;  
Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.  
SIR W. TEMPLE

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THERE is hardly any thing gives me more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four-and-twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by two stone steps into a large square divided into four grass plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large part by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yew and on either hand bordered by a canal, which the right divides the walk from a wilderness planted into a variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and m

ties.—The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought

“Sweet bird! that shun’st the noise of folly,  
Most musical! most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy evening song:  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand’ring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that hath been led astray,  
Through the heav’n’s wide pathless way;  
And oft, as if her head she bow’d,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Then let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display’d,  
Softly on my eyelids laid;  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirits to mortals good,  
Or th’ unseen genius of the wood.”

‘I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle; and oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible: all that remains within my power is, to soften the inconveniences I feel with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a slumber; which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay, this drama, and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which, whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the Spectator.

‘The first person whom I saw advancing towards me was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts, which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers: he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a Narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moon-beams reflected with a

sudden glare from armour, and to see a man completely armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appearance; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own *cestus*, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet: then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought, in his look a lowering roughness, which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle: he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, in a posture to let fly an arrow: as he passed, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle ecstasies, and tender sighs of vows; vows of constancy, and as many complaints of perfidiousness; all which the winds wafted away as soon as they had reached my hearing. For these I saw a man advance in the full prime

and vigour of his age: his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: He advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable: the one was Aurora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in gray; the other was Vesper in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honeysuckles and tuberoses, which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint; whilst, for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on, and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and gray; he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands.—Plenty walked by his side, with a healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the va-

rious products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age: the hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself, had it not been for Comus the god of revels, and Necessity the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me: as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen; on the fore part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder, with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody; Anger in a robe of scarlet, and

Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but, above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta, the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they were more or less displeasing, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.'

[Supposed to be by POPE.]

Z.



No. 426. WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1712.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames?* —

VIRG. ÆN.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!

What bands of faith can impious lucre hold? DRYDEN.

A VERY agreeable friend of mine, the other day carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into a discourse concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one ge-

neration to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration; but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation.

‘I will not be confident in what century or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilius Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries; but, as you know, they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing, that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out his servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. My son, said he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave



thee, and consequently can not be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her: just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration as it before had enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life, as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives. In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilius departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and

the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when timeshould come to his own person.

It has been observed that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and insolent equipage, and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he now sensible, to approach. As Basilius was grieved with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious; and Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proof of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for so was his name.

## No. 427. THURSDAY, JULY 10

*Quantam à rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te à verborum libertate sejungas.*——  
TULL.

We should be as careful of our words as our actions, and as far from speaking as from doing ill.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in another. Else why should virtue provoke? why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day, at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly; ‘ Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of.’ Little minds think that fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow can not be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure

of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, 'After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broke off,' give orders in the midst of her reading, 'Put to the horses.' That a young woman of merit had missed an advantageous settlement was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should give her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer as the readiness to divulge bad; but alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind that can not be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation! This temper has ever been in the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, 'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind; for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not de-

sire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it; or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice, all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited: and how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people? There is a town in Warwickshire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, back-bitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years together outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepit in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young than of late years. Add to all this,

that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome\* does not serve to vent malice half so well as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in, and the persons to whom she is to remove being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times, the gentlewoman, at whose house she supposes she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom; when they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place without stirring from the same habitation; and the many stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind

\* A statue of Pasquin in that city, to which the people fixed their papers of satirical observation, and which were thence called Pasquinades.

to discountenance a thing, 'Oh! that is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this that other scandal bearers suspend the use of these faculties, which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours; and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

STEELE.

T.



No. 428. FRIDAY, JULY 11.

*Occupet extremum scabies*—HOR. ARS. POET.

The devil take the hindmost! ENGLISH PROVERB.

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. Besides, said one whom I overheard the other day: why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? things which are useful on-

ly to amuse men of literature and superior education. I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary or useful to any part of society, and the mechanic arts should have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serve a greater number of people, than discourses upon what was well said or done by such a philosopher, hero, general, or poet. I no sooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he had said: and from that instant resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied that the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth in his apprenticeship to know by what rules and arts such a one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success in the way of life a man is in is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better, than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have had such sudden ascents and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from 'Change Alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears, to be



diffident when others exult, and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper, they are welcome; from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of strops for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to people tossed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shores they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your visage less horrible, and your person more smug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception: if things of high moment meet with renown, those of little consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty feet; if it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascending from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury and the enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of informations, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved: she to whose household virtues it is ow-

ing that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy; and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy; how plenty, credit, cheerfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into penury, faint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man who, with an open hand the day before could administer to the extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character; it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases the adventurers have their own advantage, but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind: and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in

words unknown to their reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependence of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and, in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it can not but produce a new field of diversion, and instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared.

STEELE.

T.



No. 429. SATURDAY, JULY 12.

—*Populumque falsis dedocet uti*  
*Vocibus*—

HOR. OD.

From cheats of words the crowd she brings  
To real estimates of things.

CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable set of company which were gone down into the country, I have received advices from thence, that the institution of an infirmary for those who should be out of humour (No. 424) has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it, to the company, in their respective memorials.

*' The Memorial of Mrs Mary Dainty, Spinster,*

**' HUMBLY SHOWETH,**

**' That, conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.**

**' She is sensible that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.**

**' That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that though she might be thought handsome, there might not more address of compliment be paid to her than to the rest of the company.**

**' That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that no one person should take upon him to commend another.**

**' Lastly, that she went into the infirmary to avoid a particular person who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.**

**' She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.**

**' All which is submitted,' &c.**

**' There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon: but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it; for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered.'**

*'The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia  
Loller,*

*'SHOWETH,*

*'That the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality,  
married to a private gentleman.*

*'That she finds herself neither well nor ill.*

*'That her husband is a clown.*

*'That Lady Lydia can not see company.*

*'That she desires the infirmary may be her  
apartment during her stay in the country.*

*'That they would please to make merry with  
their equals.*

*'That Mr. Loller might stay with them if he  
thought fit.'*

It was immediately resolved that Lady Lydia  
was still at London.

*'The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden,  
Esq. of the Inner Temple,*

*'SHOWETH,*

*'That Mr. Sudden is conscious that he is too  
much given to argumentation.*

*'That he talks loud.*

*'That he is apt to think all things matter of  
debate.*

*'That he staid behind in Westminster-Hall,  
when the late shake of the roof happened, only  
because a counsel of the other side asserted it  
was coming down.*

*'That he can not for his life consent to any  
thing.*

*'That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.*

‘That as soon as he has forgot himself he will wait on the company.’

His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.

*‘The Memorial of Frank Jolly,*

‘SHOWETH,

‘That he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth which renders him unfit for polite conversation.

‘That he intends to prepare himself by abstinence and thin diet to be one of the company.

‘That at present he comes into a room as if he were an express from abroad.

‘That he has chosen an apartment with a matted antichamber, to practise motion without being heard.

‘That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

‘That by reason of his luxuriant health, he is oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

‘That he is endeavouring to forget the word *pshaw, pshaw*.

‘That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

‘That when he has learned to live without his said cane, he will wait on the company.

*‘The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.*

‘SHOWETH,

‘That your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health,

except that he has by long use, and for want of discourse, contracted a habit of complaint that he is sick.

‘That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

‘That this custom of his makes him by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

‘That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in that they must pity whether they think the lamenter ill or not, and that the complainant must make a silly figure whether he is pitied or not.

‘Your petitioner humbly prays that he may have time to know how he does, and he will make his appearance.

The valetudinarian was likewise easily excused; and the society being resolved not only to make it their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits in themselves, as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company, but indulgence in particularities of humour is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real discomposures.

Among other things it is carefully provided, that there may not be disagreeable familiarities.

No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment, without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender in ten days time been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

He has offered his submission in the following terms:

*'The humble petition of Jeoffrey Hotspur,  
Esq.'*

SHOWETH,

'Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies and the whole company.

'That he humbly desires it may be considered in the case of gaming; there are many motives which provoke the disorder.

'That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.

'That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case.

'Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company; and he hopes to bear ill fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 430. MONDAY, JULY 14.

*Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamation.* HOR. EP.

———The crowd replies,  
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies, CREECH.

‘SIR,

‘As you are a Spectator-General, you may with authority censure whatsoever looks ill, and is offensive to the sight; the worst nuisance of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous appearance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such miserable objects affect the compassionate beholder with dismal ideas, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessities? Who can behold an honest soldier, that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate and in want amongst his friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor, that not only singly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongst the many lamentable cries that infest this town, your comptroller-general (See No. 251) should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. those of the needy and afflicted. I can not but think he waved it merely out of good-breeding, choosing rather to stifle his resentment, than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaints, let not your eyes over-

look their persons. There are, I know, many impostors among them; lameness and blindness are certainly very often acted, but can those that have their sight and limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may not pass by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, thriftily mending his stockings: my astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions which many of them practise to gain an alms; but sure, I am, they ought to be taken care of in this condition either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our

money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance; and I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant.’

‘SIR,

‘I was last Sunday highly transported at our parish church: the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing a hymn, and I had the happiness to be a contributor to this little religious institution of innocents; and I am sure I never disposed of money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish that those pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect; whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is the utmost reproach to society, that there should be a poor man unrelieved or a poor rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no part of human life out of your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give us the history of plenty and want, and the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the cities of London and Westminster. I am, sir,

‘Your humble servant, T D.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I beg you would be pleased to take notice of a very great indecency, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your censure. It is, sir, the strange freedoms some ill-bred married people take in company; the unseasonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and act as if modesty was only fit for maids and bachelors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr. Spectator, where the fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the room) I protest I was quite out of countenance. Lucina, it seems, was breeding, and she did nothing but entertain the company with a discourse upon the difficulty of reckoning to a day, and said she knew those who were certain to an hour; then fell a laughing at a silly inexperienced creature who was a month above her time. Upon her husband’s coming in, she put several questions to him, which he not caring to resolve, “Well,” cries Lucina, “I shall have them all at night.” But lest I should seem guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall only entreat Mr. Spectator to correct such misdemeanours;

“For higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence, I deem.”

‘I am, sir,  
‘Your humble servant,  
‘T. MEANWELL.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 431. TUESDAY, JULY 15.

*Quid dulcius hominum generi à natura datum est, quam sui cuique liberi?*

TULL.

What is there in nature so dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been casting in my thoughts the several unhappinesses of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to those of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and misconduct of parents, those of age to the past life which led to it. I have here the history of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and think I can not give the reader a livelier image of the insipid way in which time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their lives till the period of their life abovementioned. The sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, *What is there in nature so dear as a man's own children to him?* is all the reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am now entering into my one-and-twentieth year, and do not know that I had one day's thorough satisfaction since I came to years of any reflection, till the time that they say others lose their liberty, the day of my marriage. I am son to a gentleman of a very great estate, who resolved to keep me out of the vices of the age; and in order to it never let me see any thing that he thought could give me the least pleasure. At ten

years old I was put to a grammar-school, where my master received orders every post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great estate. At fifteen I was removed to the university, where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in scandalous poverty and want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who sends you the under-written. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, and out of a desire of liberty entered into wedlock. My father says I am now a man, and may speak to him like another gentleman. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,  
‘RICHARD RENTFREE.’

‘MR. SPEC.

‘I grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for showing me till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian-uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there above a month, when, being in the kitchen, I saw some oat-meal on the dresser; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth of oat-meal that came into the house; but one day, playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied till I had champed up the remaining part

of the pipe. I forsook the oat-meal, and stuck to the pipes three months, at which time I had dispensed with thirty-seven foul pipes, all to the boles; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess—he locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red wax off our last ball-tickets, and three weeks after the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunder-bolts, a certain long, round, bluish stone, which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this: but thunder-bolts growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now thought myself the happiest creature in the world, and I believe in my conscience I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy, and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange hankering to coals; I fell to scranching them, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my wedding-dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, the good gentleman, in a surprise, turns himself to my governess, and asks, whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter? This (added he) is the very picture of death: my child was a plump-faced, hale, fresh-coloured girl; but this

looks as if she was half starved, a mere skeleton. My governess, who is really a good woman, assured my father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating some trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the green sickness, her orders being never to cross me. But this signified but little with my father, who presently in a kind of pet paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came with his father a visiting to our house; we were left alone together, with directions on both sides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spec., I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following denominations, (to wit) *trash-eaters, oat-meal-chewers, pipe-champers, chalk-lickers, wax-nibblers, coal-scranchers, wall-peelers, or gravel-diggers*: and, good sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent, by exposing this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck as, sir,

‘Your constant reader,

‘And very humble servant,

‘SABINA GREEN,

‘Now SABINA RENTFREE.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 432. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

From the Letter-Box.

*Inter strepit anser olores.*—

VIRG. Ecl.

He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan-like quire.

DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, July 14.*

‘ACCORDING to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced.

‘Your most humble servant.’

‘Man is a sociable creature and a lover of glory; whence it is that when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to lessen the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are content to guide the springs in silence, and rejoice in secret at their regular progress; to prate and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and superficial; the geese were providentially ordained to save the capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and devices to distinguish parties is owing to the *beaux* and *belles* of this island. Hats moulded into different cocks and pinches have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been set against patches in battle-array, stocks have risen and fallen in proportion to head dresses; and peace or war been expected as the *white* or the *red* hood hath prevailed. These are the standard-bearers in our contending armies, the dwarfs and ‘squires who

carry the impresses of the giants or knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the way for the ensuing combat.

‘It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men of weak understanding and strong fancy are hurried by their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole body of the adverse party are a band of villains and demons. Foreigners complain that the English are the proudest nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have their share: but, be that as it will, general charges against bodies of men is the fault I am writing against. It must be owned, to our shame, that our common people, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt for the language, dress, customs, and even the shape and minds of other nations. Some men, otherwise of sense, have wondered that a great genius should spring out of Ireland, and think you mad in affirming that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

‘This spirit of rivalry, which heretofore reigned in the two universities, is extinct, and almost over betwixt college and college; in parishes and schools the thirst of glory still obtains. At the seasons of foot-ball and cock-fighting, these little republics resume their natural hatred to each other. My tenant in the country is verily persuaded that the parish of the enemy hath not one honest man in it.

‘I always hated satires against women and satires against men: I am apt to suspect a stranger who laughs at the religion of *the faculty*: my spleen rises at a dull rogue, who is severe upon mayors and aldermen: and was never better pleased than with a piece of justice executed

upon the body of a templar, who was very arch upon parsons.

‘The necessities of mankind require various employments; and whoever excels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the talents. Those who are deficient deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All can not be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

‘It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence of the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation: but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and villifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous method, to set before the eyes of youth such persons as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement: active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired

men in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copiers of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

‘By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially, but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

‘Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudice out of my heart, insomuch, that though I am a firm protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your obedient servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I find you are a general undertaker, and have by your correspondents or self an insight into most things: which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest calamity that ever befell man. My wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoken one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the family, since Friday was se’night. What must a man do in this case? Your advice would be a great obligation to, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘RALPH THIMBLETON.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *July 15th, 1712.*

‘When you want a trifle to fill up a paper, by inserting this, you will lay an obligation on

‘Your humble servant,

‘OLIVIA.’

‘DEAR OLIVIA,

‘It is but this moment I have had the happiness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the present I received the second of April. I am heartily sorry it did not come to hand the day before; for I can not but think it very hard upon people to lose their jest, that offer at one but once a-year. I congratulate myself however upon the earnest given me of something further intended in my favour; for I am told, that the man who is thought worthy by a lady to make a fool of, stands fair enough in her opinion to become one day her husband. Till such times as I have the honour of being sworn, I take leave to subscribe myself,

‘DEAR OLIVIA,

‘Your fool elect,

‘NICODEMUNCIO.’

STEELE.

T.

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No. 433. THURSDAY, JULY 17.

*Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,*

*Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.*

MART. Epig.

To banish anxious thought, and quiet pain,

Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling strain.

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixed nature, and filled with se-

veral customs, fashions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it were there but *one* sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sex, polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress, is filled with snares and allurements. There would be no such animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two sexes, tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as, on the contrary, women, who have an indiffer-

ence or aversion for their counterparts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, sluttish and censorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men, who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive; so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, not-

withstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses, that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such a one *the tall*, such a one *the stocky*, such a one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These

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accomplishments, it seems, had rendered him so popular that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state which consisted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 434. FRIDAY, JULY 18.

*Quales Threicia, cùm flumina Thermopdoontis  
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:  
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se Martia curru  
Penthesilea refert, magnoque utulante tumultu  
Fæminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.* VIRG. *Æn.*

So marched the Thracian Amazons of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.  
Such to the field Penthesilea led  
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.  
With such return'd triumphant from the war,  
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;  
They clash with manly force their moony shields;  
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learn

ed to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen or a sigh heard in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible; to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbands, or any ornaments in silver or gold, among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it; but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for, by the laws of the country none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose,

what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes. Some say, that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several despatches about that time. Others pretend that the first minister, being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster: for he affirms, that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this single overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaigns which both sexes passed together made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time, the armies being checquered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men

used to invite their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry, among this savage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together and make a clattering with their swords and shields for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped upon these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates; who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms, of their mistresses, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women observing that the men took delight in looking upon them when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outshine one another in all councils of war, or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men, observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, begun to embellish themselves, and look as agreeable as they could

in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon finishing the war, which concluded with an entire conquest of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the same manner took the captains to their wives; the whole body of common soldiers were matched after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.

ADDISON.

C.



### No. 435. SATURDAY, JULY 19.

*Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici  
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.*  
OVID. Metam.

Both bodies in a single body mix,  
A single body with a double sex.

ADDISON.

Most of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses, but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice, of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen

and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great-grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground, I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take no-

tice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once, but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the high-ways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley-Hall? The honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, Sir;' but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into, 'No, Madam.'

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia and

Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they have sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachment which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-Park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now, to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such a one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a night-raile.



I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France; a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs; and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.

ADDISON.



No. 436. MONDAY, JULY 21.

— *Verso pollice vulgi* —

*Quemlibet occidunt populariter* —

JUV. SAT.

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill. DRYDEN.

BEING a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower

order of Britons, namely, to the bear garden at Hockley in the Hole; where (as a whitish brown paper, put into my hand in the street, informed me,) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

‘I James Miller, serjeant (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal, master of the noble science of defence, hearing, in most places where I have been, of the great fame of Timothy Buck of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following, viz.

‘ Back sword,	Single falchion,
‘ Sword and dagger,	Case of falchions,
‘ Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff.

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck, had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:

‘ I Timothy Buck of Clare Market, master of the noble science of defence; hearing he did fight

Mr. Parkes of Coventry,\* will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.

VIVAT REGINA.'

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I can not therefore but lament that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; who I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from

\* On a tomb in the church-yard of Coventry there is the following inscription:

'To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city; he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who after having fought 350 pitched battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and with Christian resignation submitted to the grand victor, in the 52d year of his age. A. S. HUMANÆ, 1733.' His friend Serjeant Miller was afterwards a captain in the British army.

her beauty the proper Amarillis on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, 'I James Miller, serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.' Then the answer; 'I Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.'

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue riband tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remains of that cus-

tom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six feet eight inches height, of a kind, but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height; and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. The dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, 'I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look that took the eye; Buck, a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air, till the instant of engaging: at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red riband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with

much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs: but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerning her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring

himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? Or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum non nullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum verò sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.* 'The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but it is so, as it is now practised; but in those times, when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any

thing which affects our eyes should fortify us so well against pain and death.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 437. TUESDAY, JULY 22.

*Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adolescentulos, Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis? Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas? Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?* TER. Andr.

Shall you escape with impunity; you, who lay snares for young men, of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promises, draw them in to marry harlots?

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion, which we sometimes see in young people who are fallen into sorrow and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth: her beauty and merit are lost upon the dolt, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid: the minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent at her eyes to the grief and torment of his last conversation. This poor creature was sacrificed with a temper, which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most



agreeable companion, into the arms of his loathsome yoke-fellow by Sempronia. Sempronia is a good lady who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends upon worthless indigent fellows; on the other side, she ensnares inconsiderate and rash youths of great estates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpose she is accomplished in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent visits; she knows all that passes in every quarter and is well acquainted with all the favourite servants, busy-bodies, dependants, and poor relations of all persons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good sum of money, Sempronia, by the instigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter; and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the visits and frequent attendance of the crowd of mothers, who had rather see their children miserable in great wealth, than the happiest of the race of mankind in a less conspicuous state of life. When Sempronia is so well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumstances, that she believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who shall get her, her next step is to look out for some one whose condition has some secret wound in it, and wants a sum, yet, in the eye of the world not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless fellow with what estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a share of good humour

obriety as is requisite; after this is settled, opportunities, arts, and devices, are omitted then the lady to her happiness. In the general, indeed, she is a person of so strict justice, she marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, a moneyless girl to a man of fortune. But she has no manner of conscience in the design: when she has a mind to impose a poor fellow for one of an estate, she has no remorse in giving to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and uneducated; but makes these imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth, and will, on an occasion, with a very grave face, charge a people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being taken the other day against an ignorant booby for his own clothing, whom she was putting off for a rich heir, 'Madam,' said she, 'you know it is no making children, who know they have no books, attend their books.'

Ignorance, by these arts, is loaded with reproaches, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first taste of it, as a woman of exemplary good breeding. Murder, to murder and to rob are less iniquities, than to raise profit by abuses as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making a man singly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of her fortune, is not so ill as giving the whole of herself to an unworthy husband. But Sempronius can administer consolation to an unhappy man at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallop elsewhere. She then can preach the general utility of all the married world, and tell an experienced young woman the methods of

softening her affliction, and laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge, with an 'Oh! my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedness of Sempronia, one would think, should be superlative; but I can not but esteem that of some parents equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice the greatest endowments and qualifications to base bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenuous spirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished woman with such a disparity? and I could name crowds who lead miserable lives, for want of knowledge in their parents of this maxim, that good sense and good nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good nature, is only an inability of observing what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a suspicion of every thing as such, from a consciousness of that inability.

m

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am entirely of your opinion with relation to the equestrian females, who affect both the masculine and feminine air at the same time; and can not forbear making a presentment against another order of them who grow very numerous and powerful, and since our language is not very capable of good compound words, I must be contented to call them only the *naked shouldered*. These beauties are not contented to make lovers wherever they appear; but they must make rivals at the same time. Were you to see Gatty walk

the Park at high mall, you would expect those who followed her, and those who met her, would immediately draw their swords for her. I hope, sir, you will provide, for the future, that women may stick to their faces for doing any further mischief, and not allow any but direct traders in beauty to expose more than the fore part of the neck, unless you please to allow this after game to those who are very defective in the charms of the countenance. I can say, to my sorrow, the present practice is very unfair, when to look back is death, and it may be said of our beauties, as a great poet did of bullets,

“ They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly.”

‘ I submit this to your animadversion: and am,  
for the little while I have left,

‘ Your humble servant,  
‘ The languishing  
‘ PHILANTHUS.’

‘ P. S. Suppose you mended my letter and made a simile about the “ porcupine;” but I submit that also.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 438. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

—*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,*  
*Imperat*—— HOR. Ep.

——Curb thy soul,  
 And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule. CREECH.

It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter: but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoken even in imagination. It is certain, that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger,\* and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It

\* Lord Somers.

ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life: he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for, 'That blockhead,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days—.' The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking; 'Why, what the devil? why don't you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bulldog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured

man in the world. If you would see passion in its purity without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

'Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,  
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!  
Madness but meanly represents my toil.  
Eternal discord!  
Fury! revenge! disdain! and indignation  
Tear my sworn breast; make way for fire and tempest?  
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd!  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the wind,  
Rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars!'

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all, who are happier than himself, with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment that will not admit of being easily pleased: but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery, ought to bear with his ill-manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual sour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony: as those sort of people exert themselves against those below them, you see their our best in their talk to their servants. That like you, You are a fine fellow, 'Thou art quickest head-piece, and the like. One would see the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, all the different species and subordinations the angry, should be cured, by knowing they only as pardoned men: and how pitiful is the situation of being only suffered? But I am interested by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I heard, as I sat in the back room at a French seller's. There came into the shop a very aged man with an erect solemn air, and, though a person of great parts, otherwise slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, I know I have long asked you to send me the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.' Sir, said the chapman, I have looked for it; but can not find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, so many years ago. 'Then, sir, here is another volume, I'll send you home that, and we to pay for both.' My friend, replied he.



canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? 'Yes, sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and to be short, I will be paid.' Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. 'Yes, sir, I'll hear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.' Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is lost, and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you can not bear this trifle. 'Sir, there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book' I say, sir, I have not the book: but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without woe. 'Was ever any thing like this?' Yes, sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.\*

STEELE.

T.

The scene passed in the shop of Mr. Vaillant, bookseller, in the Strand; and the subject of it was, it is said, a volume of Massillon's Sermon.

## No. 439. THURSDAY, JULY 24

*Hi narrata ferunt aliò: mensuraque ficti  
Crescit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.*

OVID. MET.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise;  
Each fiction still improved with added lies.

OVID describes the palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as give her the sight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature; so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the universe: the eyes of a watchful minister run through the whole people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have newsgatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies, who are planted

by kings and rulers over their fellow citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution;—  
'Curse not the king, no not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.'

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing

that is told him; the spy begins with a low voice, Such a one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, for the poor revenge of resenting them.—The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice to him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel,

and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently: he is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him: nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure, that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend can not sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character which is finely drawn by the earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

‘He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the queen as might have been

expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him, yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the eclairsissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.'

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 440. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

*Vivere si rectè nescis, discede peritis.*

HOR. EP.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.

POPE.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided with a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the

secretary of this society, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the last week, I shall here make a present of it to the public. (See Nos. 424, 429.)

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘We are glad to find that you approve the establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable conversation, and shall use our best endeavours so to improve ourselves in this our summer retirement, that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our institution may be no less advantageous to the public than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you one week of our proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your admonitions. For you must know, sir, that it has been proposed among us to choose you for our visiter; to which I must further add, that one of the college having declared last week he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to assign any just reason for such his dislike, he was sent to the infirmary *nemine contradicente*.

‘On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult he had made upon the company,

ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies, about town. This, you will say, is a strange character; but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we despatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients, that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

‘ On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him in an insolent manner, what he did there then? This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave direc-



tions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us, he knew by a pain in his shoulder that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment abovementioned.

‘ On Wednesday a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman’s hand, and changing colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at any thing that was said, the president told him, that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbour cried out, *To the Infirmary*; at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted and his neighbour sent off.

‘ On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argu-

ment. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and, to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

‘On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only, that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another’s good behaviour for the future.

‘On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was indeed never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement, as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants, though none more than

‘Yours, &c.’

C.

ADDISON.

## No. 441. SATURDAY, JULY 26.

*Si fractus illabatus orbis,**Impavidum ferient ruinæ,*

HOR. OD.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,

In ruin and confusion hurl'd,

He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,

And stand secure amidst a fallen world.

ANON.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being: he is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes; he is beset with danger on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts

himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being, is powerful in *his* power, wise by *his* wisdom, happy by *his* happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him who is thus able to relieve and succour us, the divine goodness having made such reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow:

The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But, without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not ani

mated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes and objects and companions that are altogether new—what can support her under such tremblings of thought; such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him, who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity.

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it:

## I.

'The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My wearying wand'ring steps he leads:  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

## III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.'

ADDISON.

C

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No. 442. MONDAY, JULY 28.

*ibimus indocti doctique*——

HOR EP.

—Those who can not write, and those who can,  
rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man. POPE.

I do not know whether I enough explained  
yself to the world when I invited all men to

be assistant to me in this my work of speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that besides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary papers, sent with a design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they may be printed entire, and without any alteration by way of Spectator. I must acknowledge, also, that I myself, being the first projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own style, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almost impossible they could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike, and therefore so many men, so many Spectators. Besides, I must own my weakness for glory is such, that, if I consulted that only, I might be so far swayed by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a Spectator besides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the first perusal of those papers, I felt some secret inclinations of ill-will towards the persons who wrote them. This was the impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late review (more for the sake of entertainment than use), regarding them with another eye than I had done at first, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators) I found myself moved by a passion very different from that of envy; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and most generous of all passions.

when I reflected what a cruel disappointment the neglect of those papers must needs have been to the writers, who impatiently longed to see them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the hopes of having a share with me in the applause of the public; a pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a sense of it. In this manner of viewing those papers, I really found I had not done them justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was possible to alter a word in them without doing them a manifest hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dress and colours: and therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a considerable satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have published a few of these Spectators, I doubt not but I shall find the success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An author should take all methods to humble himself in the opinion he has of his own performances. When these papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I shall not repine, though I myself shall have left me but very few days to appear in public: but preferring the general weal and advantage to any considerations of myself, I am resolved for the future to publish any Spectator that deserves it, entire and without any alteration; assuring the world (if there can be need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the



authors think fit to subscribe their names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful design will be, by giving out subjects or themes of all kinds whatsoever on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of persons, whether scholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaux, rakes, smarts, prudes, coquettes, housewives, and all sorts of wits, whether male or female, and however distinguished, whether they be true wits, whole or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and persons of all sorts of tempers and complexions, whether the severe, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the busy or careless, the serene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or easy, the cold, temperate or sanguine; and of what manners or disposition soever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenuous or base-minded, good or ill-natured, public spirited or selfish; and under what fortune or circumstance soever, whether the contented or miserable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor (whether so through want of money, or desire of more,) healthy or sickly, married or single; nay, whether tall or short, fat or lean, and of what trade, occupation, profession, station, country, faction, party, persuasion, quality, age, or condition soever, who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world, accord-

ing to their several and respective talents or geniuses; and as the subject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumstances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time; to the end they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible pleasure of seeing their essays allowed of and relished by the rest of mankind.

I will not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the different thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons, according to their quality, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners and conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

The thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spectators, is *Money*: on which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof.

STEELE

T.

## No. 443. TUESDAY, JULY 29.

*Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

HOR. Od.

Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,  
And fondly would recall her to our view.

## CAMILLA\* TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *Venice, July 10, N. S.*

‘I TAKE it extremely ill that you do not reckon conspicuous persons of your nation are within your cognizance, though out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought in the green years of my life, that I should ever call it a happiness to be out of dear England; but as I grew to woman, I found myself less acceptable in proportion to the increase of my merit. Their ears in Italy are so differently formed from the make of yours in England, that I never come upon the stage, but a general satisfaction appears in every countenance of the whole people. When I dwell upon a note, I behold all the men accompanying me with heads inclining, and falling of their persons on one side, as dying away with me. The women too do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthless creature cries, *The vain thing*, when I am wrapt up in the performance of my part, and sensibly touched with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom nature has been liberal to in a graceful person, an exalted mien, and heavenly voice. These particularities in this

\* Mrs. Tofts, who performed the character of Camilla in the opera so named.

strange country are arguments for respect and generosity to her who is possessed of them. The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the injustice I received in my own country, of disallowing me what I really had.—The humour of hissing which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the persons who are performing. I am often put in mind of those complaisant lines of my own countryman, when he is calling all his faculties together to hear Arabella:

'Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,  
Be ev'ry loud tumult'ous thought at peace;  
And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath  
Be calm, as in the arms of death:  
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,  
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,  
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,  
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.  
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,  
That turbulent, unruly flood,  
Be softly staid;  
Let me be all but my attention dead!"

CONGREVE.

The whole city of Venice is as still when I am singing as this polite hearer was to Mrs. Hunt. But when they break that silence, did you know the pleasure I am in, when every man utters his applause, by calling me aloud the *dear creature*, the *angel*, the *Venus*; *what attitude she moves with!*—*hush, she sings again.* We have no boisterous wits who dare to disturb an audience, and break the public peace merely to show they dare. Mr. Spectator, I write this to you thus  
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in haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here, that I know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to hiss all merit of your own growth off the stage. I know, sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am yours.

‘CAMILLA.’

‘P. S. I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in England.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The project in yours of the 11th instant, of furthering the correspondence and knowledge of that considerable part of mankind, the trading world, can not but be highly commendable. Good lectures to young traders may have very good effects on their conduct; but beware you propagate no false notions of trade; let none of your correspondents impose on the world, by putting forth base methods in a good light, and glazing them over with improper terms. I would have no means of profit set for copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not noise be called industry, nor impudence courage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly; impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight: niggardliness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

‘Honestus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, hath substantial goods, and trades with his own stock; husbands his money to the best advantage, without taking all the advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is stocked with igno-

rance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods can not but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means, to the decent support of his family: while Fortunatus, blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people of sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part, and raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade fair in the same way.

‘I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: if you perform it successfully it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting, than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind, which ought always to accompany a man of a liberal education.

‘Your humble servant,

‘R. C.

*From my shop under the Royal Exchange, July 14.*

‘MR. SPECTATOR.

*July 24th, 1712.*

‘Notwithstanding the repeated censures that your Spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient shares of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary. Be pleased, therefore, once for all, to let these gentlemen know,

that there is neither mirth nor good-humour in hooting a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of buffoonery with a *what makes you blush?* Pray, please to inform them again, that to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill-nature and sterility of brain: especially when the subject will not admit of raillery, and their discourse has no pretensions to satire, but what is in their design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of

Your most humble servant,

‘F. B.’

T.

STEELE.



No. 444. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

*Parturiunt montes*——

HOR. ARS. POET.

The mountain labours, and is brought to bed.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise from one generation to another successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think so ignorant, as not to know that

the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows, what good news has come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

‘In Russel-Court over against the Cannon-Ball, at the Surgeon’s Arms in Drury-Lane, is lately come from his travels, a Surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic both by sea and land these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the *yellow jaundice, green sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea voyages, campaigns, and women’s miscarriages, lyings-in* &c. as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.’

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat exc-



sively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who can not, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

*'The doctor has lately come from his travels,'* and has practised both by sea and land,' and therefore cures *'the green sickness, long sea voyages, campaigns, and lyings-in.'* Both by sea and land!—I will not answer for the distempers called *sea voyages and campaigns*; but I dare say these of green sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor staid ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words *'rainy, dry, wet,'* and so forth, written to denote the weather according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the

fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbling in his pockets, and casting his eyes again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with less payment. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people '*that has been thirty years lame.*' When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency.—You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse-alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in the Imperial Majesty's troops, and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were both bursten? But Charles Ingolston, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration.—The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They

take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front: and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye upon my twentieth paper, '*More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!*' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promises to those who will not receive him as a great man: to wit, that '*from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three-pence.*'

STEELE.

T



## No. 445. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

*Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.* MART. EPIG.

You say Lupercus, what I write  
I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp\*

\* August 1, 1712, the stamp duty here alluded to took place, being a halfpenny on the half-sheet.—'Have you seen the red stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick. The *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price. SWIFT.'

and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimature clapt upon it before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way in the world but very heavily. In short the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, *The fall of the leaf*.

I remember upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed *The last words of Mr. Baxter*. The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed *More last words of Mr. Baxter*. In the same manner, I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business in this place to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament which is to operate within these four-and-twenty hours; or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on

the first side of the question is, That I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to two-pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those who plead for the continuance of this work have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompense for the expense to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself two-pence the wiser, or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of mal-contentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the public weal; and if my country receives five or six pounds a-day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich

himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the same rule I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party zealots on both sides; men of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now, though, in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense, that I consider nothing but my subject, which is always of an indifferent nature, how is it possible for me to write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censures of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out persons and things in it which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and can not be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shown

themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public, did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends; in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties, and professions, in the isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is, and ever will be, justice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd, or at best have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal; I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision: in short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shown how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

ADDISON.

C

## No. 446. FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

*Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.*

HOR. Ars Poet.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill. ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage, those who succeed them, finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour, and good sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion or its professors, the man of pleasure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we might not only



pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainments, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment.

*Nôsses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,*

*Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?  
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

Ep. I. l. 1.

'Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,  
To see the loose diversions of the stage?  
With awful countenance and brow severe,  
What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?  
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!  
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks or Romans: but they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the English comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in christian theatres. There is another rule likewise which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to; and that was never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commiseration rather than laughter. For this reason we do not find any comedy in so polite an author as Terence, raised upon the violations of the marriage-bed. The falsehood of the wife or husband has given occasion to noble tragedies: but a Scipio or Lelius would have looked upon incest or murder to have been as proper subjects for comedy. On

without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as are painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis

Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner; and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced,\* who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use

\* Dr. Atterbury.

and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*; 'Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.' Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule abovementioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. 'The gods,' said Hesiod, 'have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it.' The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace*.

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally

accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of a happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect, of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge; an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery: their torments have already taken root in them. They can not be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may indeed taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed whilst in this life: but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase the 'worm which never dies.' This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens; it has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock; but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott in the first book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue or in any other. That excellent author has shown how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it; as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

ADDISON.

## No. 448. MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

*Fædius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.* Juv. Sat.

In time to greater baseness you'll proceed.

THE first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided; for men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falsehood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with: what I mean is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity in men of like faculties to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The



last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see who fall into the same detestable habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at ease, and suppose a set of people who have a kindness for him at that moment waiting out of respect to him, and refusing to taste their food or conversation with the utmost impatience. One of these promisers sometimes shall make his excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the company have only to lament that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him: and such treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promises any more; so that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is secretly slighted by the persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the servants whose dinner is delayed by his prolonging their master's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way could never have observed, that the whiling time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any part in the four-and-twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening such a suspension of agreeable life. The constant offending this way has, in a degree, an effect upon the honesty of his mind who is guilty

of it, as common swearing is a kind of habitual perjury; it makes the soul inattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a wordy orator while he was making a magnificent speech to the people, full of vain promises, 'Methinks,' said he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypress-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height, but, alas! it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raised by impertinent promises is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder, (Nos. 136, 167,) and treated them as no ill-designing men (though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones), but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I can not let heedless promisers, though in the most minute circumstances, pass with so slight a censure. If a man should take a resolution to pay only sums above a hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his credit? This man will as long support his good name in business as he will in conversation, who without difficulty makes assignments which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myself. Sir Andrew Freeport, and all my other friends, who are scrupulous to promises of the meanest consideration imaginable, from a

habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the sort, that when as agreeable a company of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. Spectator, to be of the party with women of merit, like a boobey as I was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wish every fool who is negligent in this kind may have as great a loss as I had in this: for the same company will never meet more, but are dispersed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deserve, in so many different places to be called a *trifler*.

This fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable people are fearful of appearing precise and reserved by denials; but they will find the apprehension of that imputation will betray them into a childish impotence of mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft creatures into the misfortune of seeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The first steps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who scruples *not* breaking his word in little things, would not suffer in his own conscience so great pain for failures of consequence, as he who thinks every little offence against truth and justice a disparagement. We should not make any thing we ourselves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our integrity.

I remember a falsehood of the trivial sort; though not in relation to assassinations, that ex

posed a man to a very uneasy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his address privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course by money, and her waiting maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap into the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places.—Trap began to suspect the epistolary correspondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignations. After much anxiety and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another, without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprised to find the inside directed to himself, when with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows:

‘MR. STINT,

‘You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expense of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend, you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and

tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardness of any one who should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself, I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it. I triumph over you, that you can not come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

‘What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner while you yourself can not in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of your injured friend,

‘W. TRAP.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 449. TUESDAY, AUGUST 5.

— *Tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus.* MARTIAL.

A book the chastest matron may peruse.

WHEN I reflect upon my labours for the public, I can not but observe, that part of the species of which I profess myself a friend and guardian, is sometimes treated with severity, that is, there are in my writings many descriptions given of ill persons, and not any direct encomium

made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind several of the fair sex of my acquaintance, whose characters deserve to be transmitted to posterity in writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a reason why I should not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will last. For the service therefore of my female readers, I shall single out some characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deserve the imitation of the sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious number of heroines shall be the amiable Fidelia.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is necessary to preface, that she is the only child of a decrepit father, whose life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has used Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she herself was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness; for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute to the utmost perfection; and the lady's use of all these excellencies is to divert the old man in his easy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical distemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it

is, that there is no kind of affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her, both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives, there is desire, to our sons there is ambition, but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sorts of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness towards her.

Fidelia, on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced on her knees helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, that she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that, during her father's life, she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as hap-

py and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelia answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue. 'It is true, madam, there is to be sure very great satisfaction to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet condemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepit parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person because of her attendance on him when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.



Fidelia, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune can not be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasure she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the patterns of good-breeding and gallantry, would be astonished to hear, that in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit, where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I was the other day at the Bear-Garden in hopes to have seen your short face (No. 436); but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial

penetration. For being in a box at an ale-house near that renowned seat of honour abovementioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in a company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hilts who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, will you give cuts or receive? The other answered, Receive. It was replied, Are you a passionate man? No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting and be cheated.

Your humble servant,  
'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 450. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6.

From the Letter-Box.

——— *Quærenda pecunia primum,  
Virtus post nummos.* — HOR. EP.

——— Get money, money still:  
And then let virtue follow, if she will. POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'All men, through different paths, make at the same common thing, *money*; (See No. 442) and it is to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we

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look into our own hearts, we should see money engraved in them in more lively and moving characters than self-preservation; for who can reflect upon the merchant hoisting sail in a doubtful pursuit of her, and all mankind sacrificing their quiet to her, but must perceive that the characters of self-preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced; and that those of money (which at first was only valuable as a mean to security) are of late so brightened, that the characters of self-preservation, like a less light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible. Thus has money got the upperhand of what all mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. security; and I wish I could say she had here put a stop to her victories, but, alas! common honesty fell a sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastic men talk of the greatest good in the world, but I, a tradesman, shall give you another account of this matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I think it proper, in the first place, to acquaint my readers, that since my setting out in the world, which was in the year 1660, I never wanted money, having begun with an indifferent good stock in the tobacco trade, to which I was bred, and, by the continual success it has pleased Providence to bless my endeavours with, am at last arrived at what they call a *plum*.<sup>\*</sup> To uphold my discourse in the manner of your wits or philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the subject, I account it vain; having never

\* A cant word to signify a hundred thousand pounds.

found any thing in the writings of such men that did not savour more of the invention of the brain, or what is styled speculation, than of sound judgment or profitable observation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is what the wits call natural in their talk; which is the utmost those curious authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable teachers. And what, I pray, is natural? That which is pleasing and easy? And what are pleasing and easy? Forsooth a new thought or conceit dressed up in smooth quaint language, to make you smile and wag your head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not: mere frothy amusement, fit only for boys or silly women to be caught with.

‘It is not my present intention to instruct my readers in the methods of acquiring riches; that may be the work of another essay; but to exhibit the real and solid advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold experience; nor yet all the advantages of so worthy and valuable a blessing (for who does not know or imagine the comforts of being warm or living at ease, and that power and pre-eminence are their inseparable attendants?) but only to instance the great supports they afford us under the severest calamities and misfortunes; to show that the love of them is a special antedote against immorality and vice, and that the same does likewise naturally dispose men to actions of piety and devotion: all which I can make out by my own experience, who think myself nowise particular from the rest

of mankind, nor better nor worse by nature than generally other men are.

‘In the year 1665, when the sickness was, I lost by it my wife and two children, which were all my stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between four and five years; but finding her to be a teeming woman, I was careful, as having then little above a brace of thousand pounds to carry on my trade and maintain a family with. I loved them as usually men do their wives and children, and therefore could not resist the first impulses of nature on so wounding a loss; but I quickly aroused myself, and found means to alleviate, and at last conquer my affliction, by reflecting how that she and her children having been no great expense to me, the best part of her fortune was still left; that my charge being reduced to myself, a journeyman, and a maid, I might live far cheaper than before; and that, being now a childless widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving woman, and with a much better fortune than she brought, which was but £800. And to convince my readers that such considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such an effect, I remember it was the constant observation at that deplorable time, when so many hundreds were swept away daily, that the rich ever bore the loss of their families and relations far better than the poor; the latter having little or nothing before-hand, and living from hand to mouth, placed the whole comfort and satisfaction of their lives in their wives and children, and were therefore inconsolable.

‘The following year happened the fire; at

which time, by good Providence, it was my fortune to have converted the greatest part of my effects into ready money, on the prospect of an extraordinary advantage which I was preparing to lay hold on. This calamity was very terrible and astonishing, the fury of the flames being such, that whole streets, at several distant places, were destroyed at one and the same time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis; I did not shake my head, wring my hands, sigh, and shed tears: I considered with myself what could this avail; I fell a plodding what advantages might be made of the ready cash I had, and immediately bethought myself that wonderful pennyworths might be bought of the goods that were saved out of the fire. In short, with about £2,000, and a little credit, I bought as much tobacco as raised my estate to the value of £10,000. I then "looked on the ashes of our city, and the misery of its late inhabitants, as an effect of the just wrath and indignation of heaven towards a sinful and perverse people!"

'After this I married again, and that wife dying, I took another; but both proved to be idle baggages. The first gave me a great deal of plague and vexation by her extravagances, and I became one of the by-words of the city. I knew it would be to no manner of purpose to go about to curb the fancies and inclinations of women, which fly out the more for being restrained; but what I could I did. I watched her narrowly, and by good luck found her in the embraces (for

which I had two witnesses with me) of a wealthy spark of the court end of the town, of whom I recovered 15,000 pounds, which made me amends for what she had idly squandered, and put a silence to all my neighbours, taking off my reproach by the gain they saw I had by it. The last died about two years after I married her, in labour of three children. I conjecture they were begot by a country kinsman of hers, whom, at her recommendation, I took into my family, and gave wages to as a journeyman. What this creature expended in delicacies and high diet with her kinsman (as well as I could compute by the poulterers, fishmongers, and grocers' bills) amounted in the said two years to one hundred eighty-six pounds four shillings and five-pence half-penny. The fine apparel, bracelets, locketts, and treats, &c. of the other, according to the best calculation, came, in three years and about three quarters, to seven hundred forty-four pounds seven shillings and nine pence. After this I resolved never to marry more, and found I had been a gainer by my marriages and the damages granted me for the abuses of my bed (all charges deducted) eight thousand three hundred pounds within a trifle.

‘I come now to show the good effects of the love of money on the lives of men towards rendering them honest, sober and religious. When I was a young man, I had a mind to make the best of my wits, and over-reached a country chap in a parcel of unsound goods; to whom, upon his upbraiding and threatening to expose me for it, I returned the equivalent of his loss; and upon his good advice, wherein he clearly demonstrated

the folly of such artifices, which can never end but in shame, and the ruin of all correspondence, I never after transgressed. Can your courtiers, who take bribes, or your lawyers, or physicians in their practice, or even the divines who intermeddle in worldly affairs, boast of making but one slip in their lives, and of such a thorough and lasting reformation? Since my coming into the world I do not remember I was ever overtaken in drink, save nine times; once at the christening of my first child, thrice at our city feasts, and five times at driving of bargains. My reformation I can attribute to nothing so much as the love and esteem of money; for I found myself to be extravagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, and make rash bargains. As for women, I never knew any except my wives: for my reader must know, and it is what he may confide in as an excellent *recipe*, that the love of business and money is the greatest mortifier of inordinate desires imaginable, as employing the mind continually in the careful oversight of what one has, in the eager quest after more, in looking after the negligences and deceits of servants, in the due entering and stating of accounts, in hunting after chaps, and in the exact knowledge of the state of markets: which things, whoever thoroughly attends to, will find enough and enough to employ his thoughts on every moment of the day; so that I can not call to mind, that in all the time I was a husband, which, off and on, was about twelve years, I ever once thought of my wives but in bed. And, lastly, for religion, I have ever been a constant churchman, both forenoons and afternoons on



Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful for any gain or advantage I had that day: and on Saturday nights, upon casting up my accounts, I always was grateful for the sum of my week's profits, and at Christmas for that of the whole year. It is true, perhaps, that my devotion has not been the most fervent; which I think, ought to be imputed to the evenness and sedateness of my temper, which never would admit of any impetuosities of any sort; and I can remember, that in my youth and prime of manhood, when my blood ran brisker, I took greater pleasure in religious exercises than at present, or many years past, and that my devotion sensibly declined, as age, which is dull and unwieldy, come upon me.

‘I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of money prevents all immorality and vice; which, if you will not allow, you must, that the pursuit of it obliges men to the same kind of life as they would follow if they were really virtuous; which is all I have to say at present, only recommending to you, that you would think of it, and turn ready wit into ready money as fast as you can.

‘I conclude, your servant,

‘EPHRAIM WEED.’

STEELE.

T

## No. 451. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

—*Jam sævus apertam  
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas  
Ire minax impune domos.* HOR. EP.

Times corrupt, and nature ill inclin'd,  
Produced the point that left a sting behind;  
'Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life. POPE.

THERE is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but, at the same time, there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer, who can not appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion and broke it into a thousand pieces: but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see a hundred ugly faces where before I saw but one.

It has been proposed, to oblige every person that writes a book or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal which generally appears under borrowed names or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that such an expedient would

not only destroy scandal, but learning: it would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret, there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them: and, I believe, very few who are capable of writing would set pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interest he propagates by such vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry who have inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and treated, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers, who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history,

and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I can not think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine what I have here said is spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a christian or a gentleman, can not but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I can not but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly, we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private

factions, or one who is to act his part in the world, when our present heats and animosities are forgot; should, I say, such a one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear?

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing, and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I can not but think that those who privily assault the one would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens it was made death for any person not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But, because I would not be thought singular in my own opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur

Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought as well as of exquisite learning and judgment.

‘I can not imagine, that a man who disperses libel is less desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not a heinous sin in the sight of God? We must distinguish in this point. The pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with, when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a man is not master of those agreeable sensations any more than of those occasioned by sugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; but as to the second, every one will own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of no continuance; it prevents our reason and reflection, and may be immediately followed by secret grief to see our neighbour’s honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a sign that we are not displeased with the ill-nature of the satirist, but are glad to see him defame his enemy by all kinds of stories; and then we deserve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I shall here add the words of a modern author. “St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonoured Casarius, does not except those who read their works; because, says he, if calumnies have been always the delight of their hearers, and a gratifi-

cation of those persons who have no other advantage over honest men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composed them? It is an uncontested maxim, that they who approve an action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime and approving it when committed. The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard."

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

ADDISON.

C.\*



No. 452. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

*Est natura hominum novitatis avida.*

PLIN. apud LILLIUM.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at than their gene-

\* It has been told by an acquaintance of Addison's, that he seldom called upon him when he did not find Bayle's Dictionary lying open upon his table.

ral thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding in a scarcity of foreign posts we hear the same story repeated, by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a fresh mail; we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which has been already taken. A westerly wind keeps the whole town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and in-



flamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed, might be of good use to a person who has such a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is baulked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the productions of a single post. Fights, conquests, and revolutions lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind. In short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers, and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact which a man did not know before are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League; at least I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter from a

projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You must have observed, that men who frequent coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal’s mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse, that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up, and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two

reasons; first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means my readers will have their news fresh, and many worthy citizens who can not sleep with any satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to bed contentedly; it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I have already established correspondences in these several places, and received very good intelligence.

'By my last advices from Knightsbridge, I hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the third instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

'We are informed from Pankridge,\* that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place, but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

'Letters from Brumpton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

'By a fisherman, who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for church-warden: but this being boat-news, we can not give entire credit to it.

'Letters from Paddington being little more than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place the fifth instant.

\* Pancras; which was then a fashionable place for weddings.

‘They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set a-broach at Parson’s Green; but this wanted confirmation.

‘I have here, sir, given you a specimen of the news with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the form of a newspaper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people’s business than their own. I hope a paper of this kind which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us than those which are filled with advices from Zug and Bender, and make some amends for that dearth of intelligence which we may justly apprehend from times of peace. If I find that you receive this project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy sir, with all due respect,

‘Your most obedient,  
‘And most humble servant.’

ADDISON.

C.

## No. 453. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

*Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar  
Pennâ——*

HOR.

No weak, no common wing shall bear  
My rising body through the air.

CREECH.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us these bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted toward one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man: it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude: on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were

either direct hymns to their deities or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets, which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing a hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompense for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity, were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have trans-

mitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might be easily shown if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry,\* and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

## I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

## II.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

## III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

## IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

## V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

\* See No. 378, 388, 410, and 441.

## VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe  
And led me up to man.

## VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

## VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

## IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

## X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

## XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

## XII.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

## XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.



## No. 454. MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

*Sine me vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi  
Laboris.*

TER. HEAUT.

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it, must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours,\* until the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered, that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged

\* See No. 403.

to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world who have made two of the clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plyed their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the part of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage, but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their

stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit wenches and those black men, about the devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach, and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these who of all things affect the play of *blind man's buff*, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly; and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet gives you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers as they drive by each other to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and

the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-Acre towards St. James's: while he whipped up James-Street, we drove for Kings-Street to save the pass at St. Martin's-Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-Street and Long-Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach window is so bad she can not draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped; according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end; and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the

goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces and ribbands, and serve the owners in getting them customers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him six-pence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest, by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily chequered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the

centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I indeed looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbands; and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *to look at you*. I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought, *What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?* In these or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bell-man, who had now the world to himself, and cried *Past two of the clock*. This roused me from my seat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy; and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with the design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers I writ down these minutes: but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my readers from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend: will make every object a pleasing

one; will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

STEELE.

T.



No. 455. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12

From the Letter-Box.

—*Ego apis matinae*  
*More modoque,*  
*Grata carpentis thyma per laborem*  
*Plurimum*— HOR. OD.

—My tim'rous Muse  
 Unambitious tracts pursues:  
 Does with weak unballast wings  
 About the mossy brooks and springs,  
 Like the laborious bee,  
 For little drops of honey fly,  
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.  
 COWLEY.

THE following letters have in them reflections which will seem of importance both to the learned world and to domestic life. There is in the first an allegory so well carried on, that it can not but be very pleasing to those who have a taste of good writing: and the other billets may have their use in common life.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or



moral culture; how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing and skilfully managing them; how many virtues are choked by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations and first spring of life; these obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational *leaves*, which are *words*; and in due season the *flowers* begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green perhaps at first, sour and unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due care and application, it discovers itself in all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning and handsome argumentation, and these fruits, when they arrive at just maturity and are of a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment to the minds of men. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth-shining Italian leaves; the nimble French aspen always in motion; the Greek and Latin

evergreens, the Spanish myrtle, the English oak, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shambroque, the prickly German and Dutch holly, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a vast number of exotics imported from Asia, Africa, and America. I saw several barren plants which bore only leaves without any hopes of flower or fruit: the leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered Egyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chinese leaves, while others made it their business to collect in voluminous herbals all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours and scents; however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but *annuals*. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip or a carnation. But the most agreeable amusement seems to be the well choosing, mixing and binding together these flowers, in pleasing nose-gays to present to ladies. The scent of Italian flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid; German and Northern flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness, to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming

enough and agreeable in their season, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment; but an overfondness of them seems to be a disease. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough to have (like an orange tree) at once beautiful and shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nourishing fruit.

Sir,  
'Yours, &c.'

'DEAR SPEC,

*August 6, 1712.*

'You have given us in your Spectator of Saturday last, a very excellent discourse upon the force of custom and its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I can not deny but that I received above two penny-worth of instruction from your paper, (See No. 445.) and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a compliment, sincerely troubled that I can not exactly be of your opinion, that it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind very freely both to me and to her servants about two months after our nuptials; and though I have been accustomed to this humour of hers these three years, yet I do not know what is the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her; and they all tell me that her mother and her grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter: I would not will-

ingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied. Dear *Spec*,

‘Your very humble servant.’

‘P. S. I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know that this match was none of her own choosing, or indeed of mine either; in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined: to evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse hers for making the match.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

*August 8, 1712.*

‘I like the theme you lately gave out (See Nos. 442, 450) extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any man living. But I find myself no better qualified to write about money than about my wife; for, to tell you a secret, which I desire may go no farther, I am master of neither of those subjects. Yours,

‘PILL GARLICK.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I desire you would print this in *Italic*, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who speak either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly whatsoever, how they discover their ignorance in the use of similies. There are in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such gross abuses

in this kind, that I give this warning to all I know; I shall bring them for the future before your Spectatorial authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers, was pleased to say, "One would think, *like the elephant*, you had no knees." Now I myself saw an elephant, in Bartholomew Fair, kneel down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman.

• 'Your most humble servant.  
STEELE. T.



**No. 456. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.**

*De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire  
quidem tacitè conceditur.* TULL.

**The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be ruined quietly.**

OTWAY, in his tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

'I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:  
The sons of public rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the sentence of the law

They had commission to seize all thy fortune:  
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face  
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.  
There was another making villanous jests  
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession  
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:  
Rich hangings intermixed and wrought with gold,  
The very bed which on thy wedding night  
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,  
The scene of all thy joys, was violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
And thrown amongst the common lumber.'

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessities of life, his pretence to food itself the mercy of his creditors, he can not but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life discharge themselves of their obligations to him by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it could be so; but it is too often seen that there is pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their

own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lastely master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation: but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labours was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it no longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before

they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man they destroyed. This is due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man, that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate



with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

‘SIR,

‘It is vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind; but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness to me) you can not but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you who are courted by all, would smile upon me who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store, and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men’s estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me,

you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your affectionate friend

‘And humble servant.’

This was answered by a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows.

‘DEAR TOM,

‘I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you I do not think your numerous family at all diminished in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them, by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have great a love for you that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had a hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than wanted when I was living.

‘Your obliged humble servant.’

EELE.

T.

## No. 457. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

———*Multa et præclara minantis.* HOR. SAT.

Seeming to promise something wondrous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my readers a letter, written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed newspaper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

‘SIR,

‘The kind reception you gave my last Friday’s letter, in which I broached my project of a newspaper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for you must know, sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes\* of the learned world, and can not think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is in our own funds, and for our private use.

‘I have often thought that a *news-letter* of *whispers*, written every post, and sent about the kingdom after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By *whispers* I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history, and, in the next place, as they have always in them

\* At this time the Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Mint.

sh of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news which recommend a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of curious. Sickness of persons in high post, light visits paid and received by ministers of , clandestine courtships and marriages, secret wars, losses at play, applications for places, with respective successes and repulses, are the trials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have persons that are each of them the representation of a species who are to furnish me with those papers which I intend to convey to my correspondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, descended from the ancient family of the Hushes: the other is the old Lady Blast, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities London and Westminster. Peter Hush has a peeping hole in most of the great coffee-houses in town. If you are alone with him in a wide one, he carries you up into a corner of it, and whispers in your ear. I have seen Peter seat himself in a company of seven or eight persons whom I never saw before in his life; and, after having asked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of that man in the country, who was perhaps a hunting the very moment this account was given of him. If, upon your entering into a coffee-house, you see a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have even seen Peter publishing the whisper of the day by ten o'clock in the morning at Garaway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at the Smyrna.

When Peter has thus effectually launched a secret, I have been very well pleased to hear people whispering it to one another at second hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, sir, the great incentive to whispering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the secret, and being looked upon as a man who has access to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old lady Blast, who is to communicate to me the private transactions of the crimp table, with all the *arcana* of the fair sex. The lady Blast, you must understand, has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and last winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill a healthy young fellow with distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured, or, if occasion requires, can tell you the slips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves above these hundred years. By these and the like helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next post; and question not but

every one of my customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every piece of news I send him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a secret.

‘Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, sir, that there are several authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own country, who publish every month what they call *An account of the works of the learned*; in which they give us an abstract of all such books as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, sir, it is my design to publish every month, *An account of the works of the unlearned*. Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may in this work possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign *accounts* abovementioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may likewise take into consideration such pieces as appear, from time to time, under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies, by the title of the *Learned Gentlemen*. Our party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention the editors, commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or, what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall

set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

‘I am ever,

‘Most worthy sir, &c.’

ADDISON.

C.



No. 458. FRIDAY, AUGUST 15.

*Αἰδώς καὶ ἀγάθη*—

HES.

— *Pudor mahus*—

HOR.

False modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered, that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that *the person has had but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing*. This false kind of modesty has perhaps betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when

the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve; and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game at dice, *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.* On the contrary, a man of



vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I can not make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shamefaced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred tables the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman Catholic countries, are not a little sur-

prised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing, not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches; and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm, insomuch, that upon the restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and con-

versation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy can not indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have thus perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

ADDISON.

C.



# No. 459. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

— *Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*

HOR. EP.

— What befits the wise and good.

CREECH.

RELIGION may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by

the name of *faith*, the second by that of *morality*.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's paper.

Notwithstanding this general division of Christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the pre-eminence in several respects.

*First*, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

*Secondly*, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

*Thirdly*, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

*Fourthly*, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality as much as they differ in those of faith.

*Fifthly*, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or, to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally

owned there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance,) but none for a vicious believer.

*Sixthly*, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

*First*, In explaining and carrying to greater heights several points of morality.

*Secondly*, In furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

*Thirdly*, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer state of ourselves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileness of our natures.

*Fourthly*, By showing us the blackness and deformity of vice; which in the Christian system is so very great, that, he who is possessed of all perfection, and the sovereign judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the sacred person who was made the propitiation of it.

*Fifthly*, In being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he can not miss it, namely, that a man can not be perfect in his

scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

*First*, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

*Secondly*, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

*Thirdly*, That the greatest friend of morality or natural religion can not possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this: That we should in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them. For example, in that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the embittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure, when I see such dreadful consequences arising from a principle, I would be as fully con-

vinced of the truth of it as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case, the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident, the principle that puts us upon doing it of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one; and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I can not but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for showing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, 'We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.'

ADDISON.

C.



No. 460. MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

*Decipimur specie recti*——

HOR. ARS. POET.

Deluded by a seeming excellence.

ROSCOMMON.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions, must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this

state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it *The Paradise of fools*.

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given, but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and Popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some, who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to Popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing: she breathed odours as she spoke; she seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: and it was observable, that all the way we went,



the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth: and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and, as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order: and the top of the building, being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every

one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour that had nothing to show in but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements: there was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit was winged with the quills he wrote with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches was headed with gold out of their treasuries: he made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces: Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves

to secure the conquests which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular polities. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things; Affectation, new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar; and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the crowd bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-Dealing, put on a vizard and turned away; Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it, that at least he must be Ill-Manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure, and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the

door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding upon us. Folly and Broken Credit were seen in the house before they entered: Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn and Poverty, brought up the rear: Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners, but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But these, added he, with a disdainful air, are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expenses. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over; I thanked him for his information; and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-Dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others; but when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of Esteem which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the

earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who staid in the palace were sensible of this descent, I can not tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it; and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of Vanity.\*

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I write to you, to desire that you would again touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly in use among the politer and better bred part of mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, curtsies, whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, with other familiar arts of salutation, which take up in our churches so much time that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. The resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be some instance of its incongruity in the abovementioned places. In Roman Catholic churches and chapels abroad, I myself have observed, more than once, persons of the first quality, of the nearest relation, and intimatest acquaintance, passing by one another, unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little notice of each other, that it looked like having their minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety

\* This vision was written by Dr. Parnell. See also No. 501.

of their demeanour in the conventions of their erroneous worship; and I can not but think either of them sufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

‘I can not help upon this occasion remarking on the excellent memories of those devotionists, who upon returning from church shall give a particular account how two or three hundred people were dressed; a thing, by reason of its variety, so difficult to be digested and fixed in the head, that it is a miracle to me how two poor hours of divine service can be time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking, the duty of the place too, being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed along with it. Where it is said in sacred writ, that *the woman ought to have a covering on her head because of the angels*, that last word is by some thought to be metaphorically used, and to signify young men. Allowing this interpretation to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly foreign to our present purpose.

‘When you are in a disposition proper for writing on such a subject, I earnestly recommend this to you, and am, sir,

‘Your very humble servant.’

STEELE.

T

## No. 461. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19.

—*Sed non ego credulus illis.* VIRG.

But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise. DRYDEN.

FOR want of time to substitute something else in the room of them, I am at present obliged to publish compliments above my desert in the following letters. It is no small satisfaction to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturday's papers. I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand;\* yet shall I not accompany those writings with *eulogiums*; but leave them to speak for themselves.

## 'FOR THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You very much promote the interests of virtue while you reform the taste of a profane age, and persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, whilst we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, and split into so many different sects and parties; yet persons of every party, sect, and humour, are fond of conforming their taste to yours. You can transfuse your own relish of a poem into all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud

\* Addison.

and pleased inwardly that we have souls capable of relishing what the Spectator approves.

Upon reading the hymns that you have published in some late papers, I had a mind to try yesterday whether I could write one. The 114th Psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was describing the journey of Israel from Egypt, and added the Divine presence amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this psalm which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly conceals the presence of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive pronoun go without a substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of divinity there; *Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion or kingdom.* The reason now seems evident, and this conduct necessary; for if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap, and the sea retire; therefore, that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, his name is not mentioned till afterward, and then, with a very agreeable turn of thought, God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a translation without paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the sacred author.

‘ If the following essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more. Your daily admirer,

‘ And humble servant, &c.’



## PSALM CXIV.

"When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,  
The deep divides to make them way;  
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled  
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Israel: see him here!  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns:  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess their Lord."\*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the advantage of your putting a halfpenny value upon yourself, above the rest of our daily writers, to defame you in public conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the account of this said halfpenny; but if I were you, I would insist upon that small acknowledgment for the superior merit

\* By Dr. Watta.

of yours, as being a work of invention. Give me leave therefore to do you justice, and say in your behalf what you can not yourself, which is, that your writings have made learning a more necessary part of good breeding than it was before you appeared; that modesty is become fashionable, and impudence stands in need of some wit, since you have put them both in their proper lights; profaneness, lewdness, and debauchery are not now qualifications, and a man may be a very fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

‘I would have you tell the town the story of the Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them know, that those sacred papers were valued at the same rate after two-thirds of them were destroyed as when there was the whole set. There are so many of us who will give you your own price, that you may acquaint your non-conformist readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a day, under three-pence. I do not know but you might bring in the *Date obolum Belisario* with a good grace. The wittlings come in clusters to two or three coffee-houses which have left you off; and, I hope, you will make us, who fine to your wit, merry with their characters who stand out against it.

‘I am your most humble servant.’

‘P. S. I have lately got the ingenious authors of blacking for shoes, powder for colouring the hair, pomatum for the hands, cosmetic for the face, to be your constant customers; so that your advertisements will as much adorn the outward man, as your paper does the inward.’

STEEL.

VOL. IX.—18

T.

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At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth: and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and, as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order: and the top of the building, being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every

one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour that had nothing to show in but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements: there was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit was winged with the quills he wrote with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches was headed with gold out of their treasuries: he made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces: Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves

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‘I write to you, to desire that you would again touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly in use among the politer and better bred part of mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, curtsies, whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, with other familiar arts of salutation, which take up in our churches so much time that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. The resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be some instance of its incongruity in the abovementioned places. In Roman Catholic churches and chapels abroad, I myself have observed, more than once, persons of the first quality, of the nearest relation, and intimatest acquaintance, passing by one another, unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little notice of each other, that it looked like having their minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety

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‘Your very humble servant.’

STEELE.

T



But I discern their nature from their praise.

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‘You very much promote the interest while you reform the taste of a poet and persuade us to be entertained with poems, whilst we are distinguished by thousand humours, and split into so many

and pleased inwardly that we have souls capable of relishing what the Spectator approves.

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If the following essay be not too incorrigible, show upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to be no more. Your daily admirer,

‘And humble servant, &c.’

## PSALM CXIV.

"When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,  
The deep divides to make them way;  
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled  
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Israel: see him here!  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns:  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess their Lord."\*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the advantage  
your putting a halfpenny value upon your  
above the rest of our daily writers, to defend  
you in public conversation, and strive to make  
you unpopular upon the account of this said  
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of yours, as being a work of invention. Give me leave therefore to do you justice, and say in your behalf what you can not yourself, which is, that your writings have made learning a more necessary part of good breeding than it was before you appeared; that modesty is become fashionable, and impudence stands in need of some wit, since you have put them both in their proper lights; profaneness, lewdness, and debauchery are not now qualifications, and a man may be a very fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

‘I would have you tell the town the story of the Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them know, that those sacred papers were valued at the same rate after two-thirds of them were destroyed as when there was the whole set. There are so many of us who will give you your own price, that you may acquaint your non-conformist readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a day, under three-pence. I do not know but you might bring in the *Date obolum Belisario* with a good grace. The wittings come in clusters to two or three coffee-houses which have left you off; and, I hope, you will make us, who fine to your wit, merry with their characters who stand out against it.

‘I am your most humble servant.’

‘P. S. I have lately got the ingenious authors of blacking for shoes, powder for colouring the hair, pomatum for the hands, cosmetic for the face, to be your constant customers; so that your advertisements will as much adorn the outward man, as your paper does the inward.’

STEELE.

VOL. IX.—13

T.

No. 462. WEDNESDAY, AUG

## From the Letter-Box.

*Nil ego prætulerim jucundo sanus amico.*

H

Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very good which pleasantry in company has upon them with whom a man of that talent converses; his faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain carelessness that attends all his actions carries him on with more success than diligence and assiduity can procure to those who have no share of this endowment. He breaks his word upon all occasions, both great and important; and when he is sufficient to be thought of for that abominable quality, they who are acquainted with him end with, *After all he is a very pleasant fellow.* Dacanthus is an ill-natured man, and yet the very women end their free discourse upon this subject, *But after all he is a very pleasant company.* Dacanthus is deficient in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, and good-nature unexceptionable; and yet he is answered, *For he is a very pleasant fellow.* When this quality is conspicuous in a man, it has, to accompany it, many and virtuous qualities; there can not certainly be any thing that can give so pleasing a gratification as the conversation of such a person; but when it is all that he has, it serves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities. There is no man so much to be avoided as a very pleasant fellow. A very pleasant fellow is

your good name to a jest, make your character contemptible; debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this character to be attentive only to their own satisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or sorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchasing their own pleasures at the expense of giving pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to their insinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter so high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince, merely as he was of this pleasant character.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘There is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises; it is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world? and if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

‘It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to soothe our humour or temper finds always an open avenue to our soul, especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

‘One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of, *The gaieties of King Charles II.* This prince was

by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen: and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed, he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say: and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insnaring temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord mayor's day, and did so the year that sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guild-Hall yard

but the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.* The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated this line of the old song:

'He that is drunk, is as great as a king.'

and immediately returned back and complied with his landlord.

'I give you this story, Mr. Spectator, because, as I said, I saw the passage; and I assure you it is very true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you the sequel, you will say I have yet a better reason for it. This very mayor afterwards erected a statue of his merry monarch in Stocks-Market,\* and did the crown many and great ser-

\* This equestrian statue was originally made for John Sobieski, king of Poland, but by some accident it had been left on the workman's hands. To save time and expense, the Polander was converted into a Briton, and the Turk underneath his horse into Oliver Cromwell, to complete the compliment. Unfortunately, the turban on the Turk's head was overlooked, and left an undeniable proof of this story. See Stow's Survey, &c. ed. 1755, vol. i. p. 517. This statue, formed of white marble, was erected on a neat conduit, in 1675; but when, in 1735, the city council fixed on Stocks-market for the site of a house of residence for the Lord Mayors of London, the statue was removed to make way for the Mansion-house; the first stone of which was laid October 25, 1739, by Micajah Perry, Esq. then Lord Mayor. On the 28th of May, 1779, Robert Viner, Esq. applied to the court of common council to have this statue (which had been erected by his ancestor) delivered to him for his use: and the court complied with the request. Where it is now, we do not know.



vices; and it was owing to this humour of the king, that his family had so great a fortune shut up in the exchequer of their pleasant sovereign. The many good-natured condescensions of this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently said of him by a great hand,\* which writ his character, that he was not a king a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign. He would receive visits even from fools and half madmen; and at times I have met with people who have boxed, fought at back-sword, and taken poison before king Charles II. In a word, he was so pleasant a man that no one could be sorrowful under his government. This made him capable of baffling, with the greatest ease imaginable, all suggestions of jealousy; and the people could not entertain notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they saw every way agreeable. This scrap of the familiar part of that prince's history I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the request you lately made to your correspondents.

‘I am sir,

‘Your most humble servant.’

STEELE.

T.

\* Sheffield, duke of Bukingham, said, ‘that on premeditation Charles II. coul<sup>d</sup> not act the part of a King for a moment.’

## No. 463. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,  
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.  
Venator defessa toro cùm membra reponit,  
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustrâ redit:  
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,  
Vanaque nocturnis meta cæctur equis.  
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti  
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.*

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,  
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.  
Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,  
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues.  
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,  
And sleeps again o'er the unfinished cause.  
The dosing racer hears his chariot roll,  
Snacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.  
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,  
With wonted chimes of gingling verse delight.

I WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of scripture, wherein we are told that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been 'weighed in the balance, and been found wanting.' In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds; and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and lay

as addressing themselves to the combat  
parted by the balance which appeared in  
heavens, and weighed the consequences of  
a battle.

'Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battle and realms: in these he puts two weights  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:  
'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then  
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire; for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft; no more: but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.'

These several amusing thoughts having

I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me, when on a sudden there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they showed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately *flew up, and kicked the beam.*

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for, upon my laying a weight in one of the scales which was inscribed by the word *Eternity*, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise,

that it kept the balance in an equilibrium little glittering weight was inscribed edges of it with the word *Vanity*. I found were several other weights which were heavy, and exact counterpoises to one a few of them I tried, as avarice and riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights of the same figure, and seemed to counterpoise with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisies, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, dissipation and devotion, gravity and wisdom, and many others.

I observed one particular weight lay on both sides, and upon applying myself to the weighing of it, I found on one side written, *Intellect of men*, and underneath it, *CORRUPT TIES*; on the other side was written *Language of the gods*, and underneath, *VIRTUES*. I found the intrinsic value of this to be much greater than I imagined; for it counterpoised power, health, wealth, good fortune, and all other weights, which were much more numerous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scots, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of learning. I was sensible of the truth of this saying, and saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for, notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was not so great as that of learning, I observed that the weight of learning weighed a hundred times heavier than

fore, when I put learning in the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; (No. 459.) for, notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars; as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature; by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examin-

ing one of the weights, I saw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may, perhaps, reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished; but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 464. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.*

HOR. OD.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell  
Among the ruins of a filthy cell;  
So is her modesty withal as great,  
To balk the envy of a princely seat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis; "Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;" or, to give it in the verbal translation, "Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and

others who have their virtues concealed by poverty." Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden by means of riches; and I think we can not find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants and riches upon our enjoying superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, 'It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle and a triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each these growing out of poverty quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility, patience, industry and temperance, are very good qualities of a poor man: humanity, good nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man



into envy, riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent; riches exposes a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shown, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which, for the wisdom of it, is recorded in holy writ: 'Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes, the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though, in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was just

out of the house of a miser. Plutus furnished him, that, when he was a boy, he used to say, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and honest men; upon which Jupiter, considering the dangerous consequences of such a resolution, took him by the sight away from him, and left him to wander about the world in the blind condition. Chremylus beheld him. With much importunity Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered dress, who had been his guest for many years, whose name was Poverty. The old woman begged him not to turn out so easily as he would have threatened to banish her, not only from his house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and she says to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and if every one was rich, they would never be contented with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. Chremylus likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, and he said to their shape, their health, and their wealth, by preserving them from gout, dropsy, rheumatism, and intemperance, but whatever she had to say for herself she was at last driven to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Asclepius, who was famous for cures and remedies of this nature. By this means the deity

recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till, in the last act, Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that, since this late innovation, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who, in the beginning of the play, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich, as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth, and in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

ADDISON.

C.

## No. 465. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

*Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum :  
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;  
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

HOR. EP.

How thou may'st live, how spend thine age in peace ;  
Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease ;  
Or fears should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,  
Or ardent hope for things of little use. CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper to show the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question on points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties; and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tossed in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our

down is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common case of law or science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was maintained between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which directed him in the choice of his religion, le

ted; and, though the demonstration may have slipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which can not be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that 'we are easy to believe what we wish.' It is very certain that a man of sound reason can not forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method which is more persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity; he has actual sensations of him, his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his in-

tercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith is, frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city; she can not apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are arguments which a man of sense can not forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and

rry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that could a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and could afterwards be brought up into the open y, and see the several glories of the heaven and th, he would immediately pronounce them e works of such a Being as we define God to

The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of etry to this purpose in that exalted strain, The heavens declare the glory of God; and the mament showeth his handy work. One day leth another; and one night certifieth another. ere is neither speech nor language; but their ices are heard among them. Their sound is ne out into all lands; and their words into the ds of the world." As such a bold and sublime nner of thinking furnishes very noble matter an ode, the reader may see it wrought into e following one:

"The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue æthereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The works of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.



"What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though, nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.



No. 466. MONDAY, AUGUST 25

— *Vera incessu patuit dea.* VIRG.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.  
DRYDEN.

WHEN Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is lost in the wood, and a perfect stranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a lady in a habit for the chase. She inquires of him, whether he has seen pass by that way any young woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the sport in the wood, or any other way employed according to the custom of huntresses? The hero answers with the respect due to the beautiful appearance she made, tells her, he saw no such person as she inquired for; but intimates, that he knows her to be one of the deities, and desires she would conduct a stranger. Her form, from her first appearance, manifested she was more than mortal; but though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the goddess of *beauty* till she moved: all the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion, every limb and feature appears

with its respective grace. It is from this observation, that I can not help being so passionate an admirer as I am of good dancing.\* As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty, and for that reason all distortions and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure; but things that are in themselves excellent are ever attended with imposture and false imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are laborious fools, who write anagrams and acrostics; there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others can not, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded, like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hands in use. The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he represents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumsy graces, that is, he makes them practise what they would think graces: and I have seen dances of his, which might give hints that would be useful to a comic

\* See No. 66, 67, 334, 370 and 376.

writer. These performances have pleased the taste of such as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, because they are in nature; and the distorted motions of others have offended those who could not form reasons to themselves for their displeasure from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one considers the inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a widower with but one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I caught her once, at eleven years old, at chuckfarthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm’s way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed

with to go to one of their balls. I can not express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out; I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before, and I could not have suffered more had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr. Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant, inspidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers than imputed to the art

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itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her a husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance; or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘PHILIPATER.’

I have some time ago (No. 334) spoken of a treatise written by Mr. Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This work sets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting insensibly in minds, not capable of receiving it so well by any other rules, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne dance, let him be never so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was showed last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had a

hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of Mariamne when she dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one was ever a good dancer that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and, in a word, play a thousand pranks, which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover, at least of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but, under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification say, that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and

virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of the soul to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

STEELE.

T.

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No. 467. TUESDAY, AUG. 26.

— *Quodcunque mea poterunt audere camæna,  
Seu tibi par poterunt; seu, quod spes abnuil, ultra;  
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne rogemus  
Hoc tibi: ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.*

TIBULL. ad MESSALAM, Eleg. 1.

Whate'er my muse advent'rous dares indite,  
Whether the niceness of thy piercing sight  
Applaud my lays, or censure what I write,  
To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,  
By adding to my page Messala's name.

THE love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person, and those who are most affected with it seem most to partake of that particle of the Divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation.

The Supreme Being himself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent observation, That we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it; and we have still extant two

orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard, with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, can not read without admiration. Cæsar thought his life consisted in the breath of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his glory; others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and superior excellencies, not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example's sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy; the desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shows you what you should avoid; and I can not at present do this with more satis-



faction than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed our present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life; I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair a haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic employments he is no less glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business: persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest, but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign aid or assistance.

His liberality in another might also bear the name of profusion; he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river which most enriches when it overflows; but Manilius has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason he will have a just economy, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those

streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death as the time when they are to begin their munificence, he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilst they who have the happiness to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raise himself to a level with those of the highest rank; and his good nature is a sufficient warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him as Pindar bids his Muse say of Theron:

- 'Swear, that Theron sure has sworn,
- No one near him should be poor.
- 'Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art,
- 'Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
- 'With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.'

Never did Atticus succeed better in gaining the universal love and esteem of all men, nor steer with more success betwixt the extremes of two contending parties. It is his peculiar happiness, that, while he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any person, of whatsoever age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are acceptable to some particular persons, while the rest of mankind look upon them with coldness and indifference; but he is the first

whose entire good fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to be admired; and wherever he is absent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphæl, which are either seen with admiration by all, or, at least, no one dare own he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulge slander and obloquy. It is as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to, his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is, to refuse him his just commendation, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care of dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind, it is genteel, plain and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst it is impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal figure in the room; he first engages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous *Bussy d'Amboise*, who, at an assembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying upon his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure; the event was that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, whilst he alone

had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like Aristippus, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him: but in some part of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the dæmon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure that is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praiseworthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved.—The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expense of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good humour, but by a happy mix-

ture in his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect while he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one can not persuade one's self that he is ever actuated by those rougher passions which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of showing themselves in the outward demeanour of the person they belong to; but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend.

HUGHES.

Z.



## No. 468. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27.

*Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, et acer, qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.*

PLIN. EP.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good humour.

My paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me which is of very great importance to all who

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have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. (No. 358, 370.) I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! The last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in his full light; by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion.—He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well turned compliments, as well as smart repartees, of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he could throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part and rally the other part of the company; then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet, holding up the skull which the grave digger threw to

him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion:

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that."

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only that it is to be ascribed that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was

his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it; and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent in this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor East-



court I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature to have it frequently said, 'That he was not a good player,' but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch in the *Northern Lass*, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the *Tender Husband*, it is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! Let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us; but, for my part, I can not but think the loss of such talents, as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality, than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man,

who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him; among men of the most delicate taste, a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to, I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at, will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——

STEELE.

T

## No. 469. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.

*Detrahere aliquid, alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quàm mors, quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.* TULL.

To detract from other men, and turn their disadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies or external circumstances.

I am persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and, if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation to the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, he becomes a blessing to the public; he patronizes the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant; he does not reject the person's pretensions who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing

a good office for a man because he can not pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior; but this is a kind of merit that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life should be inviolable with a man in office. Never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The despatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniences which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling mo-

tives and advantages which he himself may reap by such a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

But, in the last place, there is no man so improper to be employed in business as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such a one is the man who, upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, despatch-money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will, however, look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrowing estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I can not but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed that men of learning who take to business discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief

reason for it I take to be as follows: a man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatized; a man that has past his time in the world has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world, while several qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generosity, ingenuity, and good-nature, impoverish and ruin him. This can not but have a proportionable effect on men, whose tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in business, that their prosperity would sit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figures of life.

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 470. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,  
Et Stultus labor est ineptiarum.* MART. Epig. 86.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense  
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when, upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon

a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gather together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned readers; and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of; and, indeed, there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who

can not relish the various readings will perhaps find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print.

'My love was fickle once and changing,  
'Nor e'er would settle in my heart :  
'From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
'In ev'ry face I found a dart.'

'Twas first a charming shape enslaved me,  
'An eye then gave the fatal stroke ;  
'Till by her wit Corinna saved me,  
'And all my former fetters broke.

'But now a long and lasting anguish  
For Belvidera I endure :  
'Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,  
'Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

'For here the false unconstant lover,  
'After a thousand beauties shown,  
'Does new surprising charms discover,  
'And finds variety in one.'

#### VARIOUS READINGS.

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton Library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second. *Nor e'er would.*] Aldus reads it *ever would*; but, as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that synæresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] Scaliger and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *it*; but this must



have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for *the* read *a*; but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others, *your*, others, *their wit*; but, as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman in other authors, I can not doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The German manuscript reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera*, into *Pelvidera*. *Pelvis*, being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass; by which means the etymology of the word is very visible; and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great authorities on its side.

Verse the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure*.

Stanza the fourth, verse the second. *After a thousand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cipher, and had not taste enough to know that the word

*thousand* was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than a *hundred*.

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it *in two*. Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it; first, because the rhyme, and secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to despatch their work the sooner used to write all numbers in cipher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 471. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

Εν ὀλίγῳ χεῖν τις σοφὸς ἔχει βίον.

EURIPID.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

THE *time present* seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to reme-

dy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what is past, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is *past*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to *come*; these are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time whose thoughts are not? But I shall in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of *hope*.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. 'We should hope for every thing that is good,' says the old poet

Linus, 'because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which arise from *hope*, there is another which is none of the least, and that is its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself, to which that great man replied, *hope*. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had

been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said: first, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, That a religious life is that which most abounds in a well grounded hope, and such a one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage

above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions of a lively hope which the psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. — ‘I have set the lord always before me: because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence there is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.’

ADDISON.

C.



No. 472. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

——— *Voluptas**Solamenque mali*———

VIRGIL.

This only solace his hard fortune sends.

DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed

at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read,\* and being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing.—This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive, and the parceling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure, and sure it may also be some reason for amity that they are under one common distress. If all the rich who are lame with the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and aid a few of such laborious men who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age

\* Swift speaks contemptuously of this oculist as a mountebank; but we find him sworn as an oculist in ordinary to King George in the beginning of 1714. He died at Rochester, May 24, 1715.

ckness; I say, would such gouty persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves, the consciousness of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial and anodyne, in feverish, faint, and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; if men were not petrified with the love of the world, against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to pay upon a sick alderman after this form:

**I. BASIL PLENTY**

‘SIR,

You have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds sterling; I have the gout and stone, not worth one farthing; I shall pray for your recovery and desire you would pay the bearer twenty shillings for value received, from, sir,

‘Your humble servant,

‘LAZARUS HOPEFUL.’

*ripplagate, Aug. 29, 1712.*

The reader's own imagination will suggest to him the reasonableness of such correspondences, diversify them into a thousand forms; but I will close this as I began upon the subject of sickness. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his country after a suspense of an ability to do so. The first fit he reports himself to have received may



well claim the handsomest encomium he can give the operator.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Ruminating lately on your admirable discourses on the Pleasures of the Imagination, (No. 411—421) I began to consider to which of our senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important share of those pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the sight; that is the sovereign of the senses, and mother of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the uncultivated mind to a politeness, that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous *gout* of the great vulgar and the small. The sight is the obliging benefactress that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of nature. To the sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat and motion, the sun. The sight travels yet farther to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun, moving on its own axis in the centre of its own vortex or turbillion, and performing the same offices to its dependant planets that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse to the Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, till unable to pursue this tract any farther, it deposes

the imagination to go on to new discoveries, till it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

‘The sight informs the statuary’s chisel with power to give breath to lifeless brass and marble, and the painter’s pencil to swell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music, indeed, may plead another original, since Jubal, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the antediluvian fathers, but then the sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant parts of the world without the help of the sound. To the sight we owe, not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

‘As the sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety and conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

Thus, as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of its eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles: the perspicuity of the hu-

mours transmit the rays of light, the rays regularly refracted by their figure, the lining of the *sclerotes* effectually preventing being confounded by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour; and watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

‘The pleasures and advantages of sight are so great, the loss must be very grievous: of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea both in the third book of his *Paradise Lost* and in his *Samson Agonistes*.

‘To light in the former:

——— ‘Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit’st not these eyes that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.’

And a little after—

‘Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of e’en or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer’s rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surround me from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature’s works, to me expung’d and raz’d,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.’

‘Again, in *Samson Agonistes*;

‘But chief of all,  
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;

Blind among enemies ! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled——

‘——Still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own,  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark ! dark ! dark ! amid the blaze of noon ;  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hopes of day !

‘The enjoyment of sight then being so great a blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the skill of that artist which can restore the former, and redress the latter? My frequent perusal of the advertisements in the public newspapers (generally the most agreeable entertainment they afford) has presented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that skilful artist, Dr. Grant, her majesty's oculist-extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought and restored to sight several hundreds in less than four years. Many have received sight by his means who came blind from their mother's womb, as in the famous instance of Jones of Newington. I myself have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing that is reported of his ability this way; and know that many, who could not purchase his assistance with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond its bounds; what I have said being sufficient to comfort those who are in the like distress, since they may conceive hopes of being no longer



No. 473. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER

*Quid? si quis vultu terro ferus et pede nudo,  
Fixiguaeque togæ simulet textore Catonem;  
Virtutemne representet, moresque Catonis?* Ho

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,  
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,  
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;  
Must he his virtues and his mind express? Cr

‘TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

‘I AM now in the country, and employ  
of my time in reading or thinking upon  
have read. Your paper comes constantly  
to me, and it affects me so much, that I find  
thoughts run into your way; and I recommend  
you a subject upon which you have not yet  
ed. and that is, the satisfaction some men s

nit some few frivolous errors, in order to be  
ned persons of uncommon talents and great  
ications. They are generally professing an  
scious neglect of dancing, fencing, and rid-  
s also an unjust contempt for traveling and  
modern languages; as for their parts (say  
) they never valued or troubled their heads  
them. This panegyrical satire on them-  
certainly is worthy of your animadversion.  
e known one of these gentlemen think him-  
bliged to forget the day of an appointment,  
ometimes even that you spoke to him; and  
you see them, they hope you will pardon  
for they have the worst memory in the  
l. One of them started up the other day  
ne confusion, and said, 'Now I think on't,  
to meet Mr. Mortmain the attorney about  
business; but whether it is to-day, or to-  
ow, faith I can not tell.' Now to my cer-  
nowledge, he knew his time to a moment,  
was there accordingly. These forgetful per-  
have, to heighten their crime, generally  
st memories of any people, as I have found  
7 their remembering sometimes through in-  
tency. Two or three of them that I know  
y most of our modern tragedies by heart.  
d a gentleman the other day, that is famous  
good carver, (at which acquisition he is out  
ntenance, imagining it may detract from  
of his more essential qualifications,) to help  
something that was near him: but he ex-  
himself, and blushing told me, 'Of all  
he could never carve in his life;' though  
be proved upon him, that he cuts up, dis-  
, and uncases with incomparable dexterity.

As these pretences to ingenuity show themselves in several ways, you will often see a man of a cold temper, ashamed to be clean, and setting his wit only from negligence in his habit. I am upon this head, I can not help observing upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above-mentioned persons are from affecting an equality with men of great talents from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Oriental languages; at the same time that he published his aversion to the study of them, he said that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character; though at the same time he knows he languishes and repines he is not able to overcome them himself.—Whenever I take any of these fine persons, thus detracting from what they are, I tell them I will observe

n the ultimate purpose is honest, there may without trespass against innocence, some toy by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; however that is, I am to confess to you, that we writ some verses to atone for my offence.

professed authors are a little severe upon who write like gentlemen; but if you are friend to love, you will insert my poem. I can not imagine how much service it will me with my fair one, as well as reputation to all my friends, to have something of mine in the Spectator. My crime was that I snatched this, and my poetical excuse is as follows:

‘Belinda, see from yonder flowers  
The bee flies loaded to its cell:  
Can you perceive what it devours  
Are they impaired in show or smell?’

‘So though I robb’d you of a kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,  
Why are you angry at my bliss?  
Has it at all impoverished you?’

‘Tis by this cunning I contrive,  
In spite of your unkind reserve,  
To keep my famished love alive,  
Which you inhumanly would starve.

‘I am, sir,  
Your humble servant,  
TIMOTHY STANZA.’

R,  
*August 23, 1712.*  
Having a little time upon my hands, I could think of bestowing it better, than in writing



an epistle to the Spectator, which I now do, and am, sir,

‘Your humble servant,  
‘BOB SHORT.’

P.S. If you approve of my style, I am likely enough to become your correspondent. I desire your opinion of it. I design it for that way of writing called by the judicious ‘the familiar’

STEELE.

T.



No. 474. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

From the Letter-Box.

*Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna*—— HOR.

A clownish roughness, and unkindly close,  
Unfriendly stiff, and peevishly morose. CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘BEING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my uneasiness in the country where I am, arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose the remaining part of my life, because they have thrown away the former part of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented

with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expression of the quick relish of that pleasure, which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own toast; for though it is pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that cheerfulness which would survive a moderate calculation. If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than they at present are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but where it is unseasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity, as if it had been tendered in the horn\* for that purpose, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guest in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

‘To attend without impatience an account of five barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable terms with him; but then the

\* A horn being commonly used to administer potions to horses.

occasional bursting out into laughter, other accomplishments the most requisite I confess at present I have not the company; therefore I beg you would put letter, and let me be known all at once for fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to we who are given to reading and calm c tion should ever be visited by these roar they think they themselves, as neighbour come into our rooms with the same ri they and their dogs hunt in our grounds

‘ Your institution of clubs I have admired, in which you constantly endeavour union of the metaphorically defunct, that as are neither serviceable to the busy and surprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as well as public emolument, should exclude, and exclude all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen’s, and none but those who have been admitted into this green-conversation except he had broke his collar-bone through a broken rib or two might also admit a member without the least opposition. The president should necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: for the more the more this brotherhood shall have met with, the more will their conversation flow and keep up; when any one of these vigorous invalids finishes his narration of the collar-bone, the next rally would introduce the history of t

Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said, to traduce in general the body of fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full-speed after a pack of dogs by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

‘But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fineries of certain churches: but their distinguishing mark is certain prettinesses of foreign languages; the meaning of which they could better have expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers, Shakspeare has described to consist

‘In talking of the Alps and Appennines,  
‘The Pyrenean, and the River Po.’

and then concludes with a sigh:

‘Now this is worshipful society!’

your, or make my way through them at ne-  
bours' houses. There is in particular a yo-  
hound of great expectation, vivacity and ei-  
prize, that attends my flights wherever he  
me. This creature observes my countenance,  
behaves himself accordingly. His mirth,  
frolic, and joy upon the sight of me has been  
served, and I have been gravely desired not  
encourage him so much, for it spoils his p-  
but I think he shows them sufficiently in  
several boundings, friskings, and scourings, &c.  
he makes his court to me: but I foresee in a  
tle time he and I must keep company with  
another only, for we are fit for no other in the  
parts. Having informed you how I do pass  
time in the country where I am, I must pro-  
to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a  
tune as would put me above the observance  
ceremony and custom.

‘My scheme of a country life should be  
as follows: As I am happy in three or four  
agreeable friends, these I would constantly

had met with, with our own reflections upon matter; the justness of which we could convert with good humoured warmth, and never drive one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. Any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our party, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree as enemies to my particular state of happiness, as the French were to that of the public,

I would be at an annual expense in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would risk in swilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others with my importunance, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an infirmary (See No. 437, and 440) makes me resolve to fall into that project; and as we should be but five, the horrors of an involuntary separation, which our number can not so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves, in opposition to all the particular mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life, I know, would subject me to the imputation of a morose, peevish, and singular fellow. These, and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends: besides, I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous, by the early relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with a humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side; and as for the

word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.  
Your very humble servant, J. R.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'About two years ago, I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell, the dumb man,\* for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life; in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out, as would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, viz. buying wedding clothes. Our names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover: that the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed to by a young gentleman of

\* Duncan Campbell announced himself to the public as a Scotch Highlander, gifted with the second sight. He was, or pretended to be, deaf and dumb, and succeeded in making a fortune to himself, by practising for some years on the credulity of the vulgar, in the ignominious character of a fortune-teller.

tiful fortune, good sense, and a generous

Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in  
world, for all he said is come to pass, and I  
e happiest she in Kent. I have been in  
of Mr. Campbell these three months, and  
ot find him out. Now hearing you are a  
man too, I thought you might correspond,  
e able to tell me something; for I think  
f highly obliged to make his fortune, as he  
ine. It is very possible your worship, who  
ies all over this town, can inform me how  
d to him; if you can, I beseech you be as  
y as possible, and you will highly oblige,

‘Your constant reader and admirer,

‘DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.’

lered, That the inspector I employ about  
ers, inquire at the Golden-Lion, opposite  
e Half-Moon tavern in Drury-Lane, into  
erits of this silent sage, and report accord-

ELE.

T.

END OF VOL. IX.





THE  
SPECTATOR.

WITH  
Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,  
AN INDEX,  
AND  
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

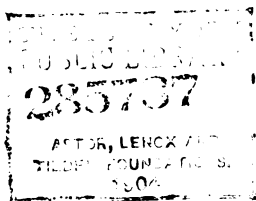
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IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

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1853.



# THE SPECTATOR.



No. 475. THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1712.

— *Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum  
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.* TER.

Advice is thrown away, where the case admits of neither counsel nor moderation.

It is an old observation which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy-counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning, he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Cælia was more prudent on the

like occasion; she desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless——Cælia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding-clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *conge d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidant, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty? Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townley, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will

Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of three-score, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent he had mine. This is about the tenth match, which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Now, sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that ever I saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies; and \

am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now, you must understand, poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know! And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them; and yet my friends are so unreasonable that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they can not hinder me of; and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next; and I am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,  
‘B. D.’

‘He loves your Spectators mightily.’  
ADDISON. C.

## No. 476. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

—*Lucidus ordo.* HOR. ARS. POET.  
Method.

AMONG my daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method; and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of essays. As for the first I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius, who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eyes command the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.



Irregularity and want of method are on portable in men of great learning or who are often too full to be exact, and they choose to throw down their pearls in heaps to the reader, rather than be at the pains of putting them in order.

Method is of advantage to a work, both as to the writer and the reader. In the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds many thoughts rising out of every head, and they offer themselves upon the general surface of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discovered than when they are placed in proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is an obscurity in confusion; and the same sense that would have enlightened the reader in the first part of a discourse perplexes him in the second. For the same reason likewise every thought in a methodical discourse shows itself in its proper beauty, as the several figures in a picture receive new grace from their disposition. The advantages of a reader in a methodical discourse are correspondent to those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man takes care to talk to make himself understood. I, who have been in a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in

thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttle-fish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him till he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the dispensary, 'a barren superfluity of words;' the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent, his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a freethinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe in another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen commonplace topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it; though the matter in debate be about Doway or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with

Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a 'What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present purpose?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of his argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to inform the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 477. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

——— *An me ludit amabilis  
Insania? audire et videor pios  
Errare per lucos, amœnæ  
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.*

HOR.

——— Does airy fancy cheat  
My mind, well pleased with the deceit?  
I seem to hear, I seem to move,  
And wander through the happy grove,  
Where smooth springs flow, and murmuring breeze  
Wantons through the waving trees.

CREECH.

' SIR,

' HAVING lately read your essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, (See No. 411 to 421,) I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I can not forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon

as an humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden: and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field; or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties in the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it;

for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery, or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrantcy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as to the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, and other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little

glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eyes of a beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard this account of it would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the

nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens: and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure, than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are

covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, and bay-tree, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you can not imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and is apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. (No. 393.) It is very pleasant at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

‘You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I can not but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter. I am, sir, &c. &c.

ADDISON.

C.



## No. 478. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

—*Uusus**Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma*—— Hor.

Fashion, the arbiter, and rule of right.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘It happened lately, that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shown, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his humour still continued, the things which I had been staring at along with him began to fill my head, and led me into a set of amusing thoughts concerning them.

‘I fancied it must be very surprising to any one who enters into a detail of fashions to consider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itself out in dress, what a prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a circulation of money it occasions. Providence in this case makes use of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is, that fringe-makers, lace-men, tire-women, and a number of other trades, which would be useless in a simple state of nature, draw their subsistence; though it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original fault of being founded upon vanity, keeps them poor by the light inconstancy of its nature. The variability of fashion turns the stream of business which flows from it now into one channel, and

on into another; so that the different sets of people sink or flourish in their turns by it.

From the shops we retired to the tavern, where I found my friend express so much satisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my rational reflections (if I had told them) might have served for a reproof, so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of fashions.

Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how lively he is struck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourselves that we should appear so.

We considered man as belonging to societies; societies as formed of different ranks; and different ranks distinguished by habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

We took notice of several advantages which we met with in the occurrences of conversation. We saw the bashful man has been sometimes so seduced, as to express himself with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner; and we saw, how a fool, in fine clothes, shall be suddenly heard with attention till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense appearing with an air of negligence shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author had his

70L. X.—2

reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it.\*

‘ At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be shaped as that which stands among the pyramids in the form of a woman’s head.† This may be raised upon pillars, whose ornaments shall bear a just relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frieze, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornice. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding doors, which being opened you are to behold a baby dressed out in some fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its farther regulation let it be ordered, that every one who invents a fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that like books with gilded leaves and colours, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in clothes; so that by this means the place will be a

\* Osborne’s advice to his son.

† The Sphinx.

comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

‘The reasons offered by which we expected to gain the approbation of the public, were as follows:

‘*First*, that every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfections of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it: and that on the other side, every one who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of showing it.

‘*Secondly*, That whereas some of our young gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home; which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

‘*Thirdly*, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen that they shall be freed from the trouble, and

the world from useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which posterity may have recourse, for the clearing of such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come, that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

*‘Fourthly,* Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live, it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to show that it might have been as expensive in queen Elizabeth’s time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck-handkerchiefs.

*‘We* desire also to have it taken notice of, that because we would show a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door with a looking-glass and a dressing-chair in the middle of it: then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cushions, and little bottles; on the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords with fine knots, whose points are hidden; and fans almost closed with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, till they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the

rest of the figures; beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner:

*Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratia, Cupidines,  
En vobis adsunt in promptu  
Facies, vincula, spicula;  
Hinc elegite, sumite, regite.*

All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids attend:  
See prepared to your hands  
Darts, torches, and bands:  
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend.

‘I am, sir, your most humble servant,  
A. B.’

The proposal of my correspondent I can not but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the fashionable society; and because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they would give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be presented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction of cou-

science, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who, from facility of temper, and too much obsequiousness, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a post of direction, and therefore are to be regarded in forming these lists. Any who shall be pleased according to these, or what further qualifications may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of physician to this society, according to the last mentioned qualification, is already engaged.

STEELE.

T.



No. 479. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

—*Dare jura maritis.* HOR.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all, ill nature, in their wives. I can not tell how it is, but I think I see in all their

letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style, and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life; they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we were enamoured of as subject to dishumour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy, human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This can not be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies and appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her, (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire, as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best, what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a



lover, I say, will form himself according to adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a friend, an advocate, a steward for the unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. A man can hear the cries of children with stead of anger; and when they run over his head he is not disturbed at their noise, but is diverted by their mirth and health. Tom Trusty tells me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear the children, for whom all his cares are made, make a noise in the next room; on the other side, Will Sparkish can not put on his coat or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of these damned nurses, and squalling babies, then ends with a gallant reflection upon the vanities of matrimony, runs out of his head, and drives to the chocolate house.

According as the husband is disposed, every circumstance of his life is to him either torment or pleasure. When the affections are properly placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are at the highest degree engaged in this alliance, can nothing arise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, that a man will not find matters of some degree of pleasure known to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and studies to improve that affection in her, conceives pleasure from the most inconsiderable things; while the married man who has no other adieu to the fashions and false gallantries

town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men can not indeed make a sillier figure than in repeating such pleasures and pain to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I can not indeed but smile when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said, papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something: and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this

disposition, silence the whole family, as a silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I can not deny but are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When they are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected by stripes: but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; remember, those are his very words; but it is not proper to draw some spiritual use out of all corrections, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Crates, who is by all accounts the undoubted master of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly put him to. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to people of fortune for fortitude than himself on this subject. A friend with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, 'that they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they get, and when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the back of the steeds less restive.' At several times, to different persons on the same subject, he has said, 'dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe for bearing so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'my hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a tract

street are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew, for though he can not make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. He that hath this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, 'How happy will this make my wife and children?' Upon occurrences of distress or danger, can comfort himself, 'But all this while my wife and children are safe.' There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstance, are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

STEELE.

T.

No. 480. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

From the Letter-Box.

*Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,  
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.* HOR.

Who's proof against the charms of vain delight :  
Whom feeble fortune strives in vain to wound,  
So closely gathered in a perfect round. CREECH.

THE other day, looking over those old manuscripts of which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend Eucrate, (See No. 76, 84, and 97) I found among the letters which had been in the custody of the latter, an epistle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman it seems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's service; but at the writing the following letter, had, from leisure and reflection, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

*Monsieur Chezluy to Pharamond.*

' DREAD SIR,

' I have from your own hand (enclosed under the cover of Mr. Eucrate, of your majesty's bed-chamber,) a letter which invites me to court. I understand this great honour to be done me out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service: for which reasons I beg

leave to lay before your majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt, but as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me a happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have either an opinion that their persons or their talents are particularly formed for the service or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, to take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me. I will therefore confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no such arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a ready affability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my person, that I consider it only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembering that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any utensil about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a drawing-room: add to this, what shall a man without desires do about the generous Pharamond: Monsieur Eucrate has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present

mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me perplex me in every habitude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you that my children, of whom your majesty condescends to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self-love will not carry me so far as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons (merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble Pharamond would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

‘Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves in it at the expense of your majesty. Give me leave to tell you, sir, this is the reason that we in the country, hear so often repeated the word prerogative. That part of your law which is reserved in yourself, for the readier service and good of the public, slight men are eternally buzzing in our ears to cover their own follies and miscarriages. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let Eucrate send me word how often and in what cases you allow a constable to insist upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination under the shelter of the word prerogative. I would fain, most noble Pharamond, see one of

your officers, assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, to comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you admit to your conversation.

‘But to return to your majesty’s letter, I humbly conceive that all distinctions are useful to men only as they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic madness for a man to be a lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world but the reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well doing, will have but little relish for any outward homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, can not come within the observation of his beholders. Thus all the words of lordship, honour, and grace, are only repetitions to a man, that the king has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself that would give the man who applies to him, those ideas, without the creation of his master.

‘I have, most noble Pharamond, all honours and all titles in your own approbation: I triumph in them as they are your gift. I refuse them as they are to give me the observation of others. Indulge me, my noble master, in this chastity of renown; let me know myself in the favour of Pharamond; and look down upon the applause of the people. I am, in all duty and loyalty, your majesty’s most obedient subject and servant,  
JEAN CHEZLUY.’



'SIR,

'I need not tell with what disadvantages n of low modesty and great fortunes come into world; what wrong measures their diffidence themselves, and fear of offending, often oblige them to take; and what a pity it is that the greatest virtues and qualities, that should soon recommend them, are the main obstacles in the way of their preferment.

'This, sir, is my case; I was bred at a country-school, where I learned Latin and Greek. The misfortunes of my family forced me up to town, where a profession of the politer sort protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and in times of vacation and recess from business have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day that not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

'The person I have my present dependence upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to; and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy.

'Yours, &c.

'M. D.

*September 9, 1712.*

STEELE.

T

## No. 481. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

——— *Uti non*  
*Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius ; in jus*  
*Acres procurrant*——— HOR.

Not better matched with Bithus Bacchius strove :  
 To law they run, and wrangling dearly love.

It is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are of no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays,\* which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the meanwhile the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter

\* The Fatal Marriage; or, The Innocent Adultery.  
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may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old proverb, that if his first master be still living, 'the man must have his mare again.' There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks.—'I am afraid,' says he, 'this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss Cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur What-d'ye-call-him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.

'Why truly,' says a wiseacre that sat by him, 'were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side; here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rectrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he is a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hither-

to, began to exert himself, declaring that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interest of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most christian majesty did not resent this matter, because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mesnager's footmen; 'for,' says he, 'what are Monsieur Mesnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now,' says he, 'let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as in any wise to cuff or kick those who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.'

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that if there

was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that, if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his galleys; and tolerate the protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm; and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one-and-twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. Count Rechteren, says he, should have made affidavit that his servants had been affronted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But, as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too

high a nature for such heads as theirs or mine to comprehend.

ADDISON.

O.



No. 482. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.* LUCR.

As from the sweetest flowers the labouring bee  
Extracts her precious sweets. CREECH.

WHEN I have published any single paper that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the hen-pecked, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I can not guess, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dates his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier; whether he buried Xantippe, with many other particulars; for that by his sayings he appears to have been a very wise man, and a good christian. Another, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells me, that being coupled with a shrew, he had

endeavoured to tame her by such laws those which I mentioned in my last paper, and that in his wrath he had carried farther than Bracton allows in those that for the future he was resolved to be a man of temper and learning, and content only as one who lives in his house to philosophy. Tom Dapperwit says, that with me in that whole discourse, except the last sentence, where I affirm the state to be either a heaven or hell. I have been at the charge of a penny upon a mission, to tell me, that by his experience neither the one nor the other, but a middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise obliged their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady who calls herself Euterpe, and a scholar of letters, asks me, whether I am establishing the Salic law in every family, it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another contrary character, subscribes herself Euterpe, and tells me, that she follows the example of her namesake; for being married to a booby who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters that are come to my hands upon this occasion, I will publish one of them at large.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the hen-pecked: but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in several places of England goes by the name of a ‘cotquean.’ I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad for fear of catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother’s side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband; he is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-score than his steward’s accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for a haunch of venison. With all this, he is a very good natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life, but once, upon the over roasting of a dish of wild fowl: at the same time I must own,



I would rather he was of a rough temper would treat me harshly sometimes, than of an effeminate busy nature in a province that not belong to him. Since you have given character of a wife who wears the breeches say something of a husband that wears the coats. Why should not a female character be ridiculous in a man, as a male character of our sex? I am &c.'

ADDISON.



### No. 483. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER

*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*

*Inciderit*——

HOR. ARS. PO

Never presume to make a god appear,

But for a business worthy of a god. ROSCOMMON

WE can not be guilty of a greater act of charitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishment judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the object of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him as the object of a dreadful light. The humour of turning misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from vain notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good-will towards men, and puts the best construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion: people of gloom;

cheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some flaw in their own or their fathers' behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such a one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such a one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground, and why another was killed with a back-sword rather than

any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance, and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it: but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well christian as pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power of wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the new forest, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were

reading an history of the kings of Israel or Judah where the historians were actually inspired, and where by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I can not but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person on whom they fall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as

a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest, upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents; and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written

upon the immortality of the soul,) may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with that instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it.

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 484. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

*Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenuum est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.*

PLIN. Epist.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining, as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Of all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it as the modest man, not so much

because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions, this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons who the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as 'laboureth and taketh pains; and is still the more behind.' It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns? And why, in our days, there should be neglect and even oppression of young beginners, instead of that protection which was the pride of theirs? In the profession spoken of it is obvious to every one whose attendance is required at Westminster-Hall, with what difficulty a youth of any modesty has been permitted to make an observation that could in nowise detract from the merit of his elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his utterance of something very pertinent, but even plundered of his question, and by a strong serjeant shouldered out of his rank, which he has recovered with much difficulty and confusion.

Now, as great part of the business of this profession might be dispatched by one that perhaps

—*abest virtute disertis*

*Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus;* HOR.

—wants Messala's powerful eloquence,  
And is less read than deep Causellius; ROSCOMMON.

so I can not conceive the injustice done to the public, if the men of reputation in this calling would introduce such of the young ones into business, whose application to this study will let them into the secrets of it, as much as their modesty will hinder them from the practice; I say, it would be laying an everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be introduced at first only as a mute, till by this countenance, and a resolution to support the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexion should be so well settled, that the litigious of this island may be secure of his obstreperous aid. If I might be indulged to speak in the style of a lawyer, I would say, that any one about thirty years of age might make a common motion to the court with as much elegance and propriety as the most aged advocates in the hall.

‘I can not advance the merit of modesty by any argument of my own so powerfully as by inquiring into the sentiments the greatest among the ancients of different ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back to the days of Solomon, we shall find favour a necessary consequence to a shame-faced man. Pliny, the greatest lawyer and most elegant writer of the age he lived in, in several of his epistles is very solicitous in recommending to the public some young



men of his own profession, and very often undertakes to become an advocate, upon condition that some one of these his favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the merit of such whose modesty would otherwise have suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy modern, that *Multum sanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore*; 'To have the face first full of blood, then the countenance dashed with modesty, and then the whole aspect as of one dying of fear, when a man begins to speak;' should be esteemed by Pliny the necessary qualifications of a fine speaker. Shakspeare also has expressed himself in the same favourable strain of modesty when he says:

"In the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

'Now, since these authors have professed themselves for the modest man, even in the utmost confusion of speech and countenance, why should an intrepid utterance and a resolute vociferation thunder so successfully in our courts of justice? And why should that confidence of speech and behaviour which seems to acknowledge no superior, and to defy all contradiction, prevail over that deference and resignation with which the modest man implores that favourable opinion which the other seems to command?

'As the case at present stands, the best consolation that I can administer to those who can not get into that stroke of business, (as the phrase is) which they deserve, is to reckon every particular acquisition of knowledge in this study, as a

real increase of their fortune; and fully to believe that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this head, you would oblige, sir, your humble servant.'

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense: but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occasion; for I have observed, that under the notion of modesty, men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been forever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injustice to any other, it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial; for if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness, shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world, that a more unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself. The generosity my correspondent mentions of Pliny can not be enough applauded. To cherish the dawn of merit and hasten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman and a liberal scholar. That concern which is described in the letter is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable; but then the modest man must proceed, and show a latent resolution in himself; for the admiration

of his modesty arises from the manifestation of his merit. I must confess we live in an age wherein a few empty blusterers carry away the praise of speaking, while a crowd of fellows overstocked with knowledge are run down by them: I say overstocked, because they certainly are so as to their service of mankind, if from their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect, and greatness of the occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen Charles Frankair rise up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handsome words, talk a mile off the purpose, and drive down twenty bashful boobies of ten times his sense, who at the same time were envying his impudence, and despising his understanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiseworthy in these realms, the universities should be so muddled with a false sense of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man and the finest woman to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the nurseries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their distance: but we must bear with this false modesty in our young nobility and gentry, till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence.\*

STEELE

T.

\* See Nos. 206, 242, 350, 373, 390, 400, and 454.

## No. 485. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

*Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido.*

QUINT. CURT.

The strongest things are in danger even from the weakest.

MR. SPECTATOR,

My lord Clarendon has observed, “that few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there can not be a greater error, than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief.” What may seem to the reader the greatest paradox in the reflection of the historian, is, I suppose that folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts itself to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that Solomon says, “It is sport to a fool to do mischief;” and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous circumstances of him who falls under the displeasure of this wanton person, the same author adds further, that “a stone is heavy, and the sand weighty, but a fool’s wrath is heavier than them both.” It is impossible to suppress my own illustration upon this matter, which is, that as the man of sagacity bestirs himself to distress his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reason, so the same reason will fortify his

enemy to elude these his regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and concludes with such notable inconsistency, that no regular course of thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious machinations. My frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that several of our misfortunes arise from things as well as persons, that seem of very little consequence. Into what tragical extravagances does Shakspeare hurry Othello upon the loss of a handkerchief only? and what barbarities does Desdemona suffer from a slight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle? If the schemes of all enterprising spirits were to be carefully examined, some intervening accident, not considerable enough to occasion any debate upon, or give them any apprehension of ill consequences from it, will be found to be the occasion of their ill success, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant fellows: and upon this maxim, that the neglect of any person must arise from the mean opinion you must have of his capacity to do you any service or prejudice; and that this calling his sufficiency in question must give him inclination, and where this is, there never wants strength or opportunity to annoy you. There is nobody so weak of invention, that can not aggravate or make some little stories to villify his enemy; and there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them, and it is infinite pleasure to the majority of mankind to level a person superior to his neighbours. Besides, in all mat

ter of controversy, that party which has the greatest abilities labours under this prejudice, that he will certainly be supposed, upon account of his abilities, to have done an injury when perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the strokes that nations and particular friends have suffered from persons very contemptible.

‘I think Henry IV. of France so formidable to his neighbours, could no more be secured against the resolute villany of Ravillae, than Villiers duke of Buckingham could be against that of Felton. And there is no incensed person so destitute, but can provide himself with a knife or a pistol if he finds stomach to apply them. That things and persons of no moment should give such powerful revolutions to the progress of those of the greatest, seems a providential disposition to baffle and abate the pride of human sufficiency; as also to engage the humanity and benevolence of superiors to all below them, by letting them into this secret, that the stronger depends upon the weaker. I am, sir,

‘Your very humble servant.’

‘DEAR SIR, *Temple, Paper Buildings.*

‘I received a letter from you some time ago, which I should have answered sooner, had you informed me in yours to what part of this island I might have directed my impertinence; but having been let into the knowledge of that matter, this handsome excuse is no longer serviceable. My neighbour Prettyman shall be the subject of this letter; who, falling in with the Spectator’s doctrine concerning the month of May, began

from that season to dedicate himself to the service of the fair in the following manner. I observed at the beginning of the month he bought him a new night gown, either side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the end of the month I did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as the use of that garment has since suggested to me. Now you must know that all new clothes raise and warm the wearer's imagination into a conceit of his being a much finer gentleman than he was before, banishing all sobriety and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and amour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking, and full of the spirit of the month of May, did this merciless youth resolve upon the business of captivating. At first he confined himself to his room, only now and then appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practising that easy posture which expresses the very top and dignity of languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his loveliness, sometimes obliging the passengers only with a side-face, with a book in his hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the whole in the fulness of its beauty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back of his periwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that sort of a person which the mob call a handsome jolly man; which appearance can not miss of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily success, he leaves his room with a resolution to extend his conquests; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown smiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

‘This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw

with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig in these parts; into which, being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white horse hair, which would make a fairer and consequently a handsomer appearance, whilst my situation would secure me against any discoveries. . But the passion of the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it will be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eyebrow, and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to divide the passengers by the irresistible force of mine.

‘I expect sudden despatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handsome black man against the handsome fair one. I am, sir, your most humble servant.’

ADDISON.

C.

N. B. He who writ this is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one pair of stairs.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I only say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am yours, ROBERT SHORTER.

‘P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle, as you



have of the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not afraid to let the world see which is the deeper man of the two.'

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*London, September 15.*

Whereas a young woman on horseback, in an equestrian habit, on the 13th instant, in the evening, met the Spectator within a mile and a half of this town, and, flying in the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, saying, at the same time, 'Your servant, Mr. Spec,' or words to that purpose; this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all fitting encouragement.

STEELE.

T.



No. 486. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte  
Qui mæchis non pulvis.*

HOR.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive  
Till every cuckold-maker's flayed alive,  
Attend——

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of Socrates, with more particular regard to that part of his philosophy which we, among

ourselves, call his domestics; under which denomination or title we include all the conjugal joys and sufferings. We have indeed, with very great pleasure, observed the honour you do the whole fraternity of the hen-pecked, in placing that illustrious man at our head; and it does in a very great measure baffle the raillery of pert rogues, who have no advantage above us, but in that they are single. But when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair sex reigns with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion, and those that are so, are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificant. But I am going to desire your further favour in behalf of our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will show in a true light the unmarried hen-pecked; as well as you have done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who is under entire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I have been witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before

she would be reconciled after an act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor spirited wretch—how durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an opposite room, pulling the door after her with a force that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you must think, with no very good countenances, and, as we sneaked off, and were driving home together, he confessed to me her anger was thus highly raised, because he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who had said she was what she was; but, says he, a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her in humour again. I asked why he did not part with her; he answered, he loved her with all the tenderness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does this illegitimate hen-pecked overlook the hussy's having no regard to his life and fame, in putting him upon an infamous dispute about her reputation; yet has he the confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not staying too late from my own family, to pass through the hazards of a town full of ranters and debauchees. You that are a philosopher should urge in our behalf, that when

we bear with a froward woman, our patience is preserved, in consideration that a breach with her might be a dishonour to children who are descended from us; and whose concern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties, for fear they should redound dishonour upon the innocent. This and the like circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned for our long suffering: but in the case of gallants, they swallow ill usage from one to whom they have no obligation, but from a base passion, which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

‘These sort of fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such, without shame; nay, they have carried on the jest in the very article of death, and to the diminution of the wealth and happiness of their families in bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense wealth to their paramours. What is this but being a cully in the grave! sure this is being hen-pecked with a vengeance! But without dwelling upon these less frequent instances of eminent cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he can not get rid of a passion to a jilt, and quote half a line out of a miscellany poem to prove his weakness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it: but then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married patients.

‘I have known one wench in this town carry a haughty dominion over her lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a sea-captain in the Straits, a merchant in the city, a coun-

try gentleman in Hampshire, and had all her correspondences managed by one she kept for her own uses. This happy man (as the phrase is) used to write very punctually every post, letters for the mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his night-gown and slippers, and be as grave giving an account, only changing names, that there was nothing in those idle reports they had heard of such a scoundrel as one of the other lovers was, and how could he think she could condescend so low after such a fine gentleman as each of them? For the same epistle said the same thing to and of every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his lady went to bed with great order.

‘To be short, Mr. Spectator, we husbands shall never make the figure we ought in the imaginations of young men growing up in the world except you can bring it about that a man of the town shall be as infamous a character as a woman of the town. But of all that I have met with in my time, commend me to Betty Duall; she is the wife of a sailor, and the kept mistress of a man of quality; shedwells with the latter during the seafaring of the former. The husband asks no questions, sees his apartments furnished with riches not his, when he comes into port, and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven when the other puts to sea. Betty is the most eminently victorious of any of her sex, and ought to stand recorded the only woman of the age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two abused and two contented ——.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 487. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

—*Cum prostata sopore*

*Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.* PETR.

While sleep oppresses the tired limbs, the mind  
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfined.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in different parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul when she is disencumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speed make unpremeditated harangues or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters, in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. ‘We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me; I am no way facetious, nor disposed for

the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the whole action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of ~~our~~ abstracted understanding, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves: for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.'

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author abovementioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be



more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

— *Semperque relinqui*  
*Sola sibi semper longam incomitata videtur*  
*Ire viam—* VIRG.

— She seems alone  
 To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,  
 Guideless and dark. DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark is, that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which

Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, 'that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world, but that each of them when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.' The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in

its waking hours. The corporeal union is strengthened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human mind but of its independence on the body: and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

ADDISON.



## No. 488. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

*Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Et*  
HOR. SAT.

What doth it cost? Not much upon my word.

How much, pray? Why, two-pence. Two-pence? O I  
CREEC

I FIND, by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three half-pence for my paper than two pence. The ingenious T. W.\* tells me, that he has deprived him of the best part of his breakfast, for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee.

\*Dr. Thomas Walker, head master of the Charter School, whose scholars Addison and Steele had been.

by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them which he could heartily wish left out, viz. 'Price Two-pence.' I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting a higher price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Castile soap. But there is none of these my correspondents who write with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at sixpence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in greater quantities upon the same occasion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the Spectator, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be served up to them every

morning as usual. Upon this, the old man, being pleased, it seems, with the of improving themselves, has granted continuance both of the Spectator, and the and butter; having given particular order the tea-table shall be set forth every with its customary bill of fare, and with manner of defalcation. I thought myself to mention this particular, as it does honor this worthy gentleman; and if the young Letitia, who sent me this account, will me with his name, I will insert it at the one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out a expedient that might alleviate the expense which my paper brings to any of my readers; in order to it, must propose two points to consideration. First, that if they retrench the smallest particular in their ordinary expenses will easily make up the half-penny a day, we have now under consideration. Let a sacrifice but a single ribband to her morning and it will be sufficient: let a family buy a candle a night less than their usual number they may take in the Spectator without ment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not the price of buying my papers by retail, have patience, and they may buy them lump, without the burden of a tax upon My speculations when they are sold singly cherries upon the stick, are delights for and wealthy; after some time they come in greater quantities, and are every man's money. The truth of it is, they

certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but, in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he has ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volumes. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

‘SIR,

‘Having heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our poet-laureat should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds

upon be true or false. I make bold to con-  
it to you, not knowing if it has yet com-  
your hands.

## ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.

———*Abusque et idem*  
*Nascere*——— Hor. Carm. Sec.  
You rise another and the same.

When first the Tatler to a mute was turned,  
Great Britain for her Censor's silence mourned.  
Robbed of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,  
Till the Spectator rose, and blazed as bright.  
So the first man the sun's first setting viewed,  
And sighed, till circling day his joys renewed;  
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright successor or the same:  
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,  
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,  
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

ADDISON.

C



## No. 489. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER

———*Βαθυγυρταὸς μετὰ σθένος Πλαγυῖα.* Hom. Hom.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

'SIR,

'UPON reading your essay concerning  
Pleasures of the Imagination, I find among  
three sources of those pleasures which you have  
discovered, that greatness is one. This has sug-  
gested to me the reason why, of all objects  
I have ever seen, there is none which affects  
imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I

not see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on either side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

‘As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship



in a storm, which the psalmist has made, than any other I have ever met with. "They go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth the waters thereof; they mount up to the heavens, and they go down again to the depths, their ships are melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in trouble, and he bringeth them out of their tresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so the waves thereof are still. Then they are quiet, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them to their desired haven." (Psalm 107.)

'By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is this system of the psalm than the Pagan scheme in Virgil and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, it can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature.

'Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces: I wish you would follow their example. If a small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of travels.

'How are thy servants blest, O Lord;  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

'In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
And breathed in tainted air.

'Thy mercy sweetened every soil,  
Made every region please:  
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

'Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise!

'Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free.  
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

'The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roared at thy command  
At thy command was still.

'In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

'My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.'

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 490. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

*Domus et placens uxor.*

HOR.

Thy house and pleasing wife.

CREECH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser part of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has consented in an error. But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men of genius for pleasure have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason, is but a step towards madness and folly. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be indulged or attained? And have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly: marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfec

tions, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, if I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there, that very sorrow quickens her affection.

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution and the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskilful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an alloy in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, and have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should

commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, 'That is my dear, so pretty.'—This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes, where, while honest Sancho Panca is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rozinante, his supper, or his lodgings, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his 'squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side Dictamnus and Maria are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in company in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and Maria wait your absence that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way, and instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife or speaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial in honour of the beauty of his

wife Cleopatra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion, we owe the following epigram, which I showed my friend Will Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

'When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,  
Ashamed and wanton, of embrace afraid,  
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betrayed;  
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood;  
She blushed; I smiled at the slight covering flood.  
Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows;  
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.  
I saw new charms, and plunged to seize my store,  
Kisses I snatched—the waves prevented more.'

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word consort; which he learnedly said would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I can not be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious

as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take place between two married persons.

'Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,  
When all three kinds of love together meet,  
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,  
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of love to womankind,  
Or zeal of friends combined by virtues meet :  
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind  
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

'For natural affection soon doth cease,  
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame ;  
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.  
For as the soul doth rule this earthly mass,  
And all the service of the body frame ;  
So love of soul doth love of body pass,  
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.'

STEELE. T.



No. 491. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

— *Digna satis fortuna revisit.*

VIRG.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

It is common with me to run from book to book to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After

an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When Charles duke of Burgundy, surnamed the bold, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt a wealthy merchant of that city, under his protection



and government. Rhynsault was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies, that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had seen so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable from a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who had no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall

of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud: 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know, without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the supplicant, to rally an affliction which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and bathed in tears began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should

be the price of her husband's life, and she must before the following noon pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his jailers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison; but, continued he, my fair one must not be of-

fended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignments. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the jail, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh or complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person and a certain grandeur of sorrow, negligent of forms gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words:—‘Behold, O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring the duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off from mine.’

When she had spoken this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and, in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira; the prince ask-

ing, 'Do you know that lady?' Rhynsault as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynsault, 'Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease.' To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, 'It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you;' and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault.

STEELE.

T.



No. 492. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

*Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.* SENECA.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

*Tunbridge, September 18, 1712.*

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words and actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to flesh and blood that my behaviour

is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion, and gadding. Now what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some discouragement in the pursuit of virtue is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are taken more notice of than I am. The men are such unthinking sots that they do not prefer her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial wisdom, who I find, have passed very much of your time in the study of women, whether this is not a most unreasonable proceeding. I have read somewhere, that Hobbes of Malmsbury asserts, that continent persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a loose to their desires. According to this rule, let there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what stores has he to expect who takes the former? What refuse must he be contented with who chooses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write you, to vent my indignation against several pert creatures who are addressed to and courted in this place while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

‘Every one of these affect gaining the hearts of your sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with familiarity. Glycera has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gate. Chloe, her sis-

ter, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. Dulcissa takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver; closing up her shoulders and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. Dulcissa herself who is the author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcasses are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how Dulcissa plumps into a chair. Here's a little country girl that's very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the insnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon occasion. Her mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I can not omit Dulceorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquests as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fel-

low, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive, that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us, who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of showing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. Spectator, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do; for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one, can name the colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's stockings; and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she'll lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, that he can't tell what colour her garters are of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should untie: for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties; and the lover who swings the lady, is to tie her clothes



very close with his hatband, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

‘Now, Mr. Spectator, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring up sober girls into observation, there is no help for it, we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will show all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked, and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be affrighted as agreeable as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial consideration, with all humility, by

‘Your most humble servant,  
‘MATILDA MOHAIR.’  
T.

STEELE.

## No. 493. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

*Qualem commendes etiam, atque etiam adspice, ne mor  
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.* HOR.

Commend not, till a man is thoroughly known;  
A rascal praised, you make his faults your own. ANON.

It is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way: but you shall sometimes know that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and a half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good breeding and good nature lead people in a

great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exception they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful enquiry to know the history of recommendations: there are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates: these gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers have your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishumour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return to England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The

planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deserving quite the contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this can not indeed happen to easy recommendors, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, the person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him!

I can not but conceive very good hopes of that rake, Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:

‘SIR,

‘Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry till two in a morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a

little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady. Yours,

‘ J. T.’

Now, this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well that though the love of order made a man very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule, and had too much good sense and good nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked; all which are necessary circumstances both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

*To Claudius Nero.*

‘SIR,

‘Septimus, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you, out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interest and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.

STEELE.

T.



No. 494. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

*Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum?*

CIC.

What kind of philosophy is it, to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into

his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned, was governor.\* The youth, according to custom, waited on him, in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him from an inner room with half a dozen night-caps upon his head,

\* Dr. Thomas Goodwin, one of the assembly of divines who sat at Westminster. He attended Cromwell, his friend and patron, on his death-bed, and continued in the hope that the protector was not to die till he had ocular proof that he was mistaken.

and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul, whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day, it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed? The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, 'Whether he was prepared for death?' The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits by the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.



Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and console. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An irreverent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him who is advanced to a title of honour, he bows his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and irreverent. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or at a marriage-feast, and sighs at the conclusion of a story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none who knows the secrets of men's hearts, pretend to discover in another, where the evidence of it do not amount to a demonstration.

On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons who are weighed down by this habitual melancholy of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishing joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how

tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes and delicious fruits that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a discourse, to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. 'For my own part,' says he, 'I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.'

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding

all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul: it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 495. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

*Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus,  
Nigræ feraci frondis in algia,  
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro.*

HOR.

—Like an oak on some cold mountain's brow,  
At every wound they sprout and grow;  
The axe and sword new vigour give,  
And by their ruins they revive.

ANON.

As I am one who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another,

and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views. First, with regard to their number; secondly, to their dispersion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to show, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all christian nations of the world. Their rabbins, to express the great havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of a hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the east, and are settled in the remotest parts of China; they are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them

are established in the West Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or condemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of promise, and within sight of the temple.

If, in the next place, we examine what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages, for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view; for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood

where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all places, incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution; for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the Old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion, makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Sa-

viour, forged by christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.

ADDISON.

O.



No. 496. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

*Gnatum pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam ampliùs,  
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc ulenda idonea est.* TERENCE.

Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is most suited to the enjoyment of them.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state; they indulged the levity of childhood with tenderness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good nature, tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of old men to their want of relish for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to

common society than obliging to particular persons, for by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendour of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall, with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

‘ It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man can not consider, that when he can not resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much uneasier task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should, methinks, be to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed in young men of condition that have run into excesses, has been that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths, to supply themselves as debauchees,



commence cheats and rascals. The father allows his son to his utmost ability avoids the latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice prevailed so much among some men, that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. I have known young Antonio is a lamentable instance of bad conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world. I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting that when that fine house and seat came into next hands it would revive his memory, as a son who knew how to enjoy them, from objection of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will keep his heart close to the having no regard to anything but to his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am, sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ T. B.

‘ *London, Sept. 26, 1712*

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I am just come from Tunbridge, and have since my return read Mrs. Matilda Mohair’s letter to you; she pretends to make a mighty stir about the diversion of swinging in that place. What was done was only among relations: and

man swung any woman who was not second cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies' legs before they were wafted into the air. Since she is so spiteful, I will tell you the plain truth; there was no such nicety observed, since we were all as I just now told you, near relations, but Mrs. Mohair herself has been swung there, and she invents all this malice, because it was observed she had crooked legs, of which I was an eyewitness. Your humble servant,

'RACHEL SHOESTRING.'

'*Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'We have just now read your paper, containing Mrs. Mohair's letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed letter by itself, and shorten it so as to come within the compass of your half sheet. She is the most malicious minx in the world, for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that part about her being in love with her father's butler, which makes her shun men; for that is the truest of it all.

'Your humble servant,

'SARAH TRICE.'

'P.S. She has crooked legs.'

'*Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'All that Mrs. Mohair is so vexed at against the good company of this place is, that we all know she has crooked legs. This is certainly true. I do not care for putting my name. be-

cause one would not be in the power of the creature.

‘Your humble servant, unknown.’

‘*Tunbridge, Sept 26, 1712.*

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘That insufferable prude, Mrs. Mohair, who has told such stories of the company here, is with child, for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both these two things, and you’ll oblige every body here, especially your humble servant,

‘ALICE BLUEGARTER.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 496. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

‘ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΓΑΛΙΩΤΗΣ ΓΑΓΩΝ.

ALEXANDER.

A cunning old fox this !

A FAVOUR well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deserving. Justice is the first quality in the man who is in a post of direction: and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so popularly be-

loved and honoured, that all decisions between man and man were laid before him, by the parties concerned in a private way: and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the wrong without reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the judgment of courts-martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such as were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no step to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar minds more substantial. His business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but justice, was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily visitant for what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home, till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at a *halt*, as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in

his line, but every man had as much credit to him, and as much honour to lose as another. Every officer could answer for what passed under his hand, and the general's presence was necessary any where but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that which happened from extraordinary efforts of the troops which he could not foresee; but it was probable that it never fell out from failure in the troops. It must be confessed the world was so much out of order, as an unworthy person possessed what should be in the direction of a man who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this often used to describe in his general, all that which have ever happened among mankind arose from the wanton disposition of the mind of the powerful. It is generally all that modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with the whimsical turn in a great man to make trifles of real and absolute service. In the case of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or soon after, the first minister would let nothing near him but what bore the most profound respect of wisdom and gravity. They carried that, for the greater show of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied over their noses, with a black riband round their heads, which completed the dress of those who were in their court at his levee, and none without these were admitted to his presence. A very honest fellow, who had a command in the regiment of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter, day after day in vain, till he made his appearance in a very the

dark suit of clothes, and two pair of spectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room with great deference to the minister; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had in this manner pretended to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but that he was honest Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheel-barrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was re-conducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humorists and coxcombs; whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them show themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and his servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the

highest importance upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

‘Do not be surprised, most holy father, at seeing, instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish you of your own folly. Can any thing show your holiness how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a person of your holiness’s understanding, to believe you can not excel but in the conversation of half wits, humorists, coxcombs, and buffoons. If your holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the impertinents you have favoured of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that, for the sake of your own safety, it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holiness’s saying this sentence in one night-cap, and the other with the other, the change of your slippers, bringing you your staff in the

midst of your prayer, then stripping you of one vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces, that we shall have no authority over them but from the force of our arguments and the sanctity of our lives.'

STEELE.

T.



## No. 498. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1.

—*Frustra retinacula tendens*

*Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.* VIRG.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horses fear,  
But force along the trembling charioteer.

DRYDEN.

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereux Court, Monday evening, twenty-eight minutes and a half past six.

'DEAR DUMB,

'IN short, to use no further preface if I should tell you that I have seen a hackney coachman, when he has come to set down his fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out and salute every one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty



of a gasconade. But to clear myself from that imputation, and to explain this matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious youths within this city, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a hackney coach; but those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to the inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen who have chambers here in the temple: and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our fraternity, allowing every fifth person to apply his meditations this way, which is but a modest computation as the humour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped likewise, that there are in the other nurseries of the law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful plants, springing up to the everlasting renown of their native country. Of how long standing this humour has been, I know not; the first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it, was about this time twelve-month, when being upon Hampstead-heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer before I underwent the fate of my brother Phæton; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors,

who to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable undertaking; I say, sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horse resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt: and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets; one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward of his labours, that though I know you are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

‘About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a penny-worth of walnuts at the Temple-gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea: they agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach box; the fellow staring at him, desired to know if he should not drive until they were out of town? No, no, replied

he. He was then going to climb up to him, but received another check, and was then ordered to get into the coach or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; 'but be sure you dog you,' says he, 'don't you bilk me.' The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the street being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station, which he did with great composure, till he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church, when he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to suck up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimensions of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called endorsing; and indeed I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little uneasy under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the numbers of their coaches; but at length by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the coach, his wrath was assuaged, and he prevailed upon to pursue his journey; though indeed I thought they had clapt such a spoke in his wheel

as had disabled him from being a coachman for that day at least; for I am much mistaken, Mr. Spec, if some of these endorsements were not writ in so strong a hand that they are still legible. Upon my inquiring the reason of this unusual salutation, they told me that it was a custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unstable in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein; for my part, I thought their allegations but reasonable, and so marched off. Besides our coachmen, we abound in divers other sorts of ingenious robust youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I defer giving you an account of their several recreations to another opportunity. In the mean time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. As I understand you have several inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the temple, I am persuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own consideration, and am, sir,

‘Your very humble servant,  
‘MOSES GREENBAG.’

‘P.S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place; according to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at something like it in the beginning of my epistle. I desire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I design to give you some account of excellent watermen who are bred to the law, and far out-do the land students abovementioned.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 499. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2.

—*Nimis uncis*  
*Naribus indulges*—

PERS.

—You drive the jest too far.

DRYDEN.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me for about this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

‘DEAR SPEC,

‘I was, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary after the following manner:—When the emperor Conrade the third had besieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when

omen, to his great surprise, came out of the with every one her husband upon her back. emperor was so moved at the sight that he into tears; and after having very much ex- the women for their conjugal affection, the men to their wives, and received the into his favour.

he ladies did not a little triumph at this asking us at the same time, whether in our iences we believed that the men in any town eat Britain would, upon the same offer, and same conjuncture, have loaden themselves their wives; or rather, whether they would ave been glad of such an opportunity to get them? To this my very good friend, Tom erwit, who took upon him to be the mouth sex, replied, that they would be very much me if they would not do the same good of- or the women, considering that their strength l be greater, and their burdens lighter. As ere amusing ourselves with discourses of ature in order to pass away the evening, now begins to grow tedious, we fell into udable and primitive diversion of questions ommands. I was no sooner vested with the authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, un- ain of my displeasure, so tell the company uously, in case they had been in the siege mentioned, and had the same offers made as the good women of that place, what one of them would have brought off with and have thought most worth the saving? ere several merry answers made to my ion, which entertained us till bed-time. filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas,

that upon my going to sleep I fell into the following dream.

‘I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the abovementioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy’s camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care; upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back; I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till, upon her setting him down, I heard her call him dear pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her: and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she

thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to show her tender regard for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm, but finding herself so overladen that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and as it was said, he had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

'I can not conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women, em-



ployed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach, I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one it is at thy service from, dear Spec,

‘Thine, sleeping and waking,

‘WILL HONEYCOMB.

The ladies will see, by this letter, what I have often told them that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I can not however dismiss this letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

ADDISON.

O.

## No. 500. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3.

—*Huc natus adjice septem*

*Et totidem juvenes; et mox generosque nurusque :  
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*

OVID.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,  
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.  
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause  
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.

CROXAL.

‘SIR,

‘You who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you at least for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I don’t care who knows it; for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and

at the same time I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

‘ Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the Centurion, ‘I say unto one, go, and he goeth: and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it.’ In short, sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small deputy governors, presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much and happier man than any bachelor in England of my rank and condition.

‘ There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share; I mean the having a multitude of children. These I can not but regard as very great blessings

When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated, and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy scripture, represented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on three score and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries. How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I can not question but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist in my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir Francis Bacon's observation, that in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle,

who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and overtopped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I can not forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I can not but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

‘If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this letter impertinent: but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire; whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is your most humble servant and well-wisher,

‘PHILOGAMUS.’

STEELE

T

## No. 501. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.

*Durum: sed levius fit patientia  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

HOR.

'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,  
Enduring patience makes the burden light.

CREECH.

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and can not but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the vision in the 460th paper.

ADDISON.

O.

'How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us? What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendour of our departed honours; or the voice,

the words, the looks, the temper, and a of our friends that are deceased. It nee happen from thence, that the passion shou swell to such a size as to burst the hear contains it, if time did not make these stances less strong and lively, so that should become a more equal match for sion, or if another desire which becom present did not overpower them with a representation. These are thoughts whi when I fell into a kind of vision upon t ject, and may therefore stand for a prop duction to a relation of it.

‘I found myself upon a naked shore, w pany, whose afflicted countenances w their conditions. Before us flowed a wate silent, and called the river of Tears, whi ing from two fountains on an upper gro compassed an island that lay before u boat which plied in it was old and sh having been sometimes overset by the im and haste of single passengers to arriv other side. ‘This immediately was broug by Misfortune who steers it; and we were paring to take our places, when there a a woman of a mild and composed behavi began to deter us from it, by represent dangers which would attend our voyage. upon some who knew her for patience, a of those too who till then cried the loude persuaded by her and returned back. 7 of us went in, and she (whose good would not suffer her to forsake persons in t desired leave to accompany us, that she at last administer some small comfort or

while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread, and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank, through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

‘When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, inso-much that some others, whom Patience had by this time, gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

‘For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place, and joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly, as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs, and flourish in church yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any one of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the



path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our abovementioned companion.

‘We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm; thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, over-

and spent with what they suffered in the and were given over to those tormentors stood on either hand of the presence; others, and mortified with pain, recovered the place where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become grateful to us by the want we had found of) we wound round the grotto, and ascended the back of it out of the mournful dale in the bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, in a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to be ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it ensued at a time when we were too much occupied with our own concerns to have respect for others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the goodwork of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too fully engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and, observing that others were unhappy, we began to question one another when it was that we met and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable to many.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among  
L. X.—9

the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter grayness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country, Gleams of Amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter, and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

‘When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that, by showing themselves to the world only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

‘The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again: every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much melancholy and affliction we could not have made choice of a fitter companion

than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

FARNELL.



No. 502. MONDAY, OCTOBER 6.

*Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubent.*

TER. Heaut.

Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing but what they list.

WHEN men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some perusing Roman writers would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their welfare or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well disposed must that people be who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth? In the

first scene of the comedy, when one of the men accuses the other of impertinence for posing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man and can not help feeling any sorrow that I arrive at man.' It is said, this sentence was received with an universal applause. There can not be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay, people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his own; yet I'll engage a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, had all manner of beautiful ballads brought to him,\* of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took to the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying himself according to his own purposes. What passes on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of all kinds. According to what you may observe

\* I knew,' says Mr. Fletcher, 'a very wise man who observed, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he would not care care who should make the laws of a nation.'

our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It can not be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman, carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and anguish of countenance, which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had good taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house, said he, 'an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them unawares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle, in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what showed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds.—Then she had a maid who was at work near her, that was a slattern, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-betweens of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named,

and I told her with desire to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and instantly hid her tears. He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us in this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of placing in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of cockroaches to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to show themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they are

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure of the body, and those who improve or corrupt corporeal pleasures by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by insurrections of those who know no satisfaction but what they have in common with all animals.

This is the reason that when a scene of procreation is acted, you see the whole such a chuckle, and old lechers, with open stare at the loose gesticulations, stage with shameful earnestness, when the pictures of human life in its calm and the properest sentiments for the great, pass by like mere narration, as

only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the Country-wake; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the *Morgels* for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation, in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin; I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the 'squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a scene written wherein Penkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and



tient, the help given by him who threw down, and the handy address and arch look of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrancing ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities would be to transgress the bounds of this paper for which reason it is possible they may hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting of the audience who shall set up for actors, interrupt the play on the stage: and players shall prefer the applause of fools to that of a reasonable part of the company.\*

STEELE.



No. 503. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7

*Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.*

TERENCE

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of mankind.

on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to say, that she might have staid at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

‘Last Sunday was se’nnight I went into a church not far from London bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me: I say, I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such, that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance; or under the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way till she came to a seat just over against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an

air of so much goodness and sweetness that the confession, which she uttered so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters, have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service: that gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed; that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did every thing with, soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat; I do not question but that was to show herself with the greater advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion, and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; whilst she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion,

that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Well, now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time, not only with some motion of her head, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were most soft and languishing, she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last verse to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well, it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither, for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I

appeal to you, whether it is reasonable such a creature as this shall come from a part of the town, and give herself such airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and pensive congregation, with her sublimities. In fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell to the finest pitty-patty air, forsooth, worked fully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan. A hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipping into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bold mien, as if she had been used to a better gentleman. She said aloud, 'You know where to go,' and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, 'A very fine lady;' others, 'I'll warrant you she's no better than she should be;' one very wise old lady said, she ought to have been taken up. Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you; for the offence cannot come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you would print this, that may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in that place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of 'the Phantom:' but I would advise her to con-

no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a manner without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at t'other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivaled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am, sir, your most humble servant,

'RALPH WONDER.\*

STEELE.

T.



No. 504. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8.

*Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.*

TER.

You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

It is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls, of cross purposes, questions and commands,

\*Continued, No. 515.

and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call golden verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, a hand, an axe, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before, for that purpose, or which would cost a great deal of pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you, so that you can not go on, and by consequence, if they can not be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they

are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he 'can deal' with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a punster should think himself very 'ill bred' if he did not; and if he is not as 'well bred' as yourself, he hopes for 'grains' of allowance. If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of the town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your 'Biters.'

A Biter is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a Biter is one who



thinks you a fool because you do not think a knave. This description of him one may upon to be a just one; for what else but a deal of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for your gain of another, be it in point of wit, interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called 'Biting,' by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The sharpers about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigned part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word biting, to express to exploit wherein they had overreached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. The rascals of late years have been the gallants of town, and carried it, with a fashionable haughty air, to the discouragement of modesty and honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that strikes the eye, took up from the sharpers the phrase biting, and used it upon all occasions, either to disown any nonsensical stuff they should say themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposal, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked at him with an earnestness ready to lay hold of him, he immediately cried, 'Bite,' and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in the wrong. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable.

ble; and if one of these wittings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes on your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: 'I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire? You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it can not be false; I am sorry I am got into it so far that I must now tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know—on Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke, opening his box, your father fell down dead in an apoplexy.' The youth showed the filial sorrow which he ought—upon which the witty man cried, 'Bite, there is nothing in all this.'

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a Bite which no Biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors to go to the jail and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like

a man who was willing to deal, told him, 'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, can not answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment, you see my crest swells to your knife, and after Jack Catch has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man.' Says the surgeon, 'Done, there's a guinea.' This witty rogue took the money and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, 'Bite, I am to be hanged in chains.

STEELE.

T

## No. 505. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9.

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
 Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,  
 Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium:  
 Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divini,  
 Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,  
 Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:  
 Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,  
 Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt alteri monstrant viam,  
 Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:  
 De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera. EN.*

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,  
 Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,  
 I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:  
 Vain their pretence to more than human skill.  
 For gain imaginary schemes they draw;  
 Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps:  
 And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:  
 Let them, if they expect to be believed,  
 Deduct the sixpence and bestow the rest.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which really had befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils

which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in their prospect than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's head, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand writing; some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs,\* and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite obser-

\* This censure of Cicero seems to be unfounded, for it is said, that he wondered one Augur could meet another without laughing in his face.

vations of days, numbers, voices and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gipsies, and cunning men are dispersed through all the counties and market towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed, in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I can not do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits to resort to that place, either for their cure or for their instruction.

*‘ Moorfields, Oct. 4, 1712.*

*‘ MR. SPECTATOR,*

*Having long considered whether there be any*

trade wanting in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an Oneiro critic, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great-uncle, by my wife's side, was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night in the year. My christian and surname begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

‘If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, “My dream is out:” and can not go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall, in the first place, tell those persons

what they dreamed of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it. And in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument, which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in the public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty after the rate of half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

TITUS TROPHONIUS.

‘N. B. I am not dumb.’

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 506. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10.

*Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,  
 Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.  
 Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,  
 Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.*

MART.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,  
 And Venus still the well matched pair befriend.  
 May she, when time has sunk him into years,  
 Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;  
 Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,  
 But think each happy sun his bridal day.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X.

I have somewhere met with a fable that made Wealth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding, we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion, amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike; I could instance a hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely

fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to till it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency.— Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies,\* where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that's a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn to dress even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husbands' hearts, for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature, or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who, at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion requir-

\* The Funeral, or Grief-a-la-mode, by Steele.

ed to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised to find nothing more in the conversation of a man than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business not only sets a man's talent in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife can not well intermeddle, but gives frequent occasions for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of

some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it was dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and, by his assistance, she has discovered a hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I have lately

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laid out some money in paintings,' says Erastus; 'I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me three score guineas, and I was this morning offered a hundred for it.' I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus the most tender and affectionate that I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot: she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He, however, takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, "My dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly." Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia: but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine at present whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

BUDGELL.

X.

## No. 507. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

*Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.*

JUV.

Preserved from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that 'truth is his body, and light his shadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as Error and Falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shown where in the malignity of a lie consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to, I mean, that abominable practice of party lying. This vice is so very predominant among us at

present, that a man is thought of no principles who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story; the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is, however, one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory, that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense that gives credit to the relations of party-writers, nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it, but at present every man is upon his guard: the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie, when it becomes the voice of their

faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

If in the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied; every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a lie can not exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop



of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party offenders, who avoid crimes not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to show the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party-lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause, which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a storm that would hazard his life, 'It is necessary for me,' says he, 'to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live;' every man should say to himself with the same spirit, 'It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not

my duty to be in an office.' One of the fathers hath carried this point so high as to declare he would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it. However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own that a man may say, very reasonably, he would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it; or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 508. MONDAY, OCTOBER 13.

*Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.*

CORN. NEPOS.

For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state, which was before free.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much indignation; therefore I shall give them to the public in the words with which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘IN former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conquests, or election; and all such persons, who have taken upon

them any sovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentates, who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of these potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those that are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I shall call Dionysius; as also of the seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of empire.

‘Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, tasting the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the supper, and being brisk for the despatch of it. Know then, that Dionysius went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public, than in gra-

tifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a person of an exquisite palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our proveditor; which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. This submission on his side naturally produced the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all those matters which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty, for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel at present, in the utmost extremity, the insolence of office: however, I being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting; but Dionysius declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do

it, and we change our taverns according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way according as we are outnumbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

‘Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation as either of the Brutuses got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club: and to show my reading, as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him till the ides of March to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach, he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations

of the people, and be set up in his room; but, as Milton says,

‘These thoughts

‘Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired,

‘And who can think submission? War, then, war,

‘Open or understood must be resolved.’

‘I am, sir,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a young woman at a gentleman’s seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father’s, and came hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family; and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family: but there is a gentleman here, a visitant, as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and since he has no designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred men with a good grace converse with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, insomuch that he con-

tradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stuck him with my bodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses? If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their sisters? Is it sufferable, that the fop of whom I complain should say, that he would rather have Such-a-one without a groat, than me with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration, and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this; because I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company sooner than I desire. This also is a heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting banishment upon me. Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admonition to reform him. As soon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way; the making which just reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of, sir,

‘Your constant reader and humble servant.’

STEELE.

T

## No. 509. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14.

*Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.*

TER. Heaut.

Discharging the part of a good economist.

THE useful knowledge in the following letter shall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I say immediately, for upon reflection every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch, or any of the rest; whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to the letter.

‘MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

‘SIR, *Broad-street, Oct. 10, 1712.*

‘I accuse you of many discourses on the subject of money, which you have heretofore promised the public, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But before I enter there-



upon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shows it in every part of his expense, dress, servants, and house; and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in these particulars there is at this time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable change from that simplicity of manners, which is the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift shows regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declining, if their ancient economy is not restored. The thing which gives me this prospect, and so much offence, is the neglect of the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and the walks appertaining thereunto. The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our monarch's highest glory and advantage consist in being the patron of trade, as that it is commodious for business, and an instance of the grandeur both of prince and people. But alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships, the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rakeshames, and wenches, have justled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, especially on the evening 'Change: so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves from the place. This particular, by the

way, is of evil consequence; for if the 'Change be no place for men of the highest credit to frequent, it will not be a disgrace for those of less abilities to absent. I remember the time when all rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and ball were whipped away by a beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the lads from chuck, that the beadle might seize their copper.

'I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassable, by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down; yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strappado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city; and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

'But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and couched it in a very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say, 'Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.' It must be confessed, that if a man of great genius, could add steadiness to his vivacities, or substitute slower men of fidelity to

transact the methodical part of his affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the world; but business and trade is not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So though we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive duke of Buckingham for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet I suppose there is no one will aver, that were his grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than he would with that illustrious mechanic abovementioned.

‘No, no, Mr. Spectator, your wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough, to let it take up your chief attention; which the trader must do, or lose his credit; which is to him what honour, reputation, fame or glory is to other sort of men.

‘I shall not speak to the point of cash itself, till I see how you approve of these my maxims in general: but I think, a speculation upon ‘Many a little makes a mickle; a penny saved is a penny got; penny wise and pound foolish; it is need that makes the old wife trot,’ would be very useful to the world, and if you treated them with knowledge, would be useful to yourself, for it would make demands for your paper among those who have no notion of it at present. But of these matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many writers of the present age for

politeness, so you would outgo the author of the true razor strops for use.

‘I shall conclude this discourse with an explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say, there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

‘Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it: this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, ‘Hobson’s choice.’ This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which

he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag;

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse, to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will insure him the same success.

'I am, sir, your loving friend,  
'HEZEKIAH THRIFT.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 510. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15.

—————*Si sapiſ,*  
*Neque præterquam quas ipſe amor moleſtias*  
*Habet addas; et illas, quos habet, rectè feras.*

PER.

If you are wiſe, neither add to the troubles which attend the paſſion of love, and bear patiently thoſe which are inſeparable from it.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through Gerard ſtreet; when my eye was immediately caught with the prettiest object imaginable, the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted ſaſh, and made part of the landſcape. It ſeemed admirably done; and upon throwing myſelf eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me, and I was conſidering the vanity of the girl, and her

pleasant coquetry in acting a picture, till she was taken notice of, and raised the admiration of the beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interest and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they can not influence him but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best, constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) on this subject. That author, who had lived in courts and camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follows:

‘What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to

the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subjects of labour, sorrow, and death; the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, what was the motive of her disobedience; even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge: an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her or make her sad, lest she should pine and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam in the state of perfection, and Solomon the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow and unquietness.

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between Fulvia and Curius, in the second act of Jonson's *Catiline*, is an excellent picture of the power of

a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he can not reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her till his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth, for no other reason but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires: but he does that in vain if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family: let him give them all the conveniences of life, in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passions above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his



own love, or the importunity of his beloved: if from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that 'You do not love me if you deny me this,' which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

STEELE.

T

## No. 511. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.

*Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ?*

OVID ARS. AM.

—————Who could fail to find,  
In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind ?

‘DEAR SPEC,

‘FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee on those dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest, all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit’s window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us, that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means, the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to

the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them; in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec, it happened in Persia as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as beauties or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune, the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

‘What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with cobblers and carmen, or describing tiles and garters leading off in great ceremony shop-keepers’ and farmers’ daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundly afraid that, as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters, and spend-

thrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

‘I have another story to tell thee which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was enclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do “unsight, unseen.” The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase. Upon opening the sack a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack,

‘ I fancy if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pounds: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife of an agreeable countenance; the purchaser upon hearing her good qualities pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast: as we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pounds, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market; and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pounds a head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pr’ythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the raileries of one who is

their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them. Thine,

'HONEYCOMB.'

ADDISON.

O.



No. 512. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17.

*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

HOR. ARS. POET.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does in that particular exercise a superiority over us and can have no other reason for it, but that in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter portion palatable! Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers;

some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest and that which pleases the most universally is fable, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find, that the mind is never so much pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for, in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such occasions, when the

mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason, the *Absalom and Achitophel*\* was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine: but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominion with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to this great sultan (whether a humourist or an enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the sultan, 'what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.' The

\* A satire written by Dryden.



vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.' The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer; but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know then,' said the vizier, 'that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter in my hearing, "Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion." To which the father of the daughter replied, "Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred if you please. God grant a long life to sultan Mahmoud: whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages."'

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward, consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus, namely, that if the blood of certain birds which he mentioned were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the dervise abovementioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determination of the learned.

ADDISON.

O.

## No. 513. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18.

—*Afflata est numine quando  
Jam propiore Dei*—

VIRG. *ÆN.*

When all the god came rushing on her soul. DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a thought in sickness, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

‘SIR,

‘The indisposition which has so long hung upon me is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me or itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday’s papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day’s entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

‘Among all the reflections which usually arise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Su-

preme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds; a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon death, has represented in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow:

‘That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world: the other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne: but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next; for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us.

may, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye; so that though, within this visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world, but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before: and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, "that when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord. 2 Cor. v. 6. 8." And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would ye give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with? There are such things "as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive:" death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off our eyes, which hinders our sight.'

‘As a thinking man can not but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being “whom none can see and live,” he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being which he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man’s innocence be what it will, let his virtue rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

‘It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

‘When rising from the bed of death,  
O’erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear !

‘If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought.

'When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclosed,  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!

'But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.

'For never shall my soul despair,  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only son has died  
To make her pardon sure.'

'There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it you translated: it was written by Monsieur des Barreaux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

*Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;  
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.  
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité:*

*Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.  
 Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;  
 Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux :  
 Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends moi guerre pour guerre,  
 Jadore en perissant la raison qui l'aigrit.  
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ ?*

‘ If these thoughts may be serviceable to you,  
 I desire you would place them in a proper light,  
 and am ever with great sincerity, sir,

‘ Yours, &c.  
 O.

ADDISON.



No. 514. MONDAY, OCTOBER 20.

— *Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
 Raptat amor ; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum  
 Castaliam molli divertitur orbila clivo.* VIRG.

But the commanding muse my chariot guides,  
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides :  
 And pleased I am no beaten road to take,  
 But first the way to new discoveries make. DRYDEN.

• MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I CAME home a little later than usual the other night, and not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up Virgil to divert me till I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed, and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes him-

self entirely given up to the muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book, and went to bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision.

‘Methought I was on a sudden placed in the plains of Bœotia, where at the end of the horizon, I saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottos, and caves placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest; every thing besides was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them, as



the tutelar divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own thoughts than any ways grieved or displeased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement, was the goddess Silence, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world: "Fear not," said she, "I know your request before you speak it; you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so often employed in conducting persons thither as myself." When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove, I could not help inquiring of her who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement. "Surely," said I, "there can nothing enter here but virtue, and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience and the commands of the gods." "You imagine right," said she, "assure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it continued to be in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the

study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable; vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its disguise. See there! just before you, Revenge stalking by, habited in the robe of Honour. Observe not far from him Ambition standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is Emulation or Glory. But the most frequent intruder we have is Lust, who succeeds now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. Virtuous Love, with Hymen and the Graces attending him, once reigned in this happy place: a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume for admittance; but now, how is the whole prospect changed? and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sordid wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity."

"The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms who assured me they would show me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muses. Among the rest Vanity was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain and addressing myself to my guide, told her that as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But being in-

formed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprise!

‘There were two paths which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain. the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by Diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way, but he was so tedious in granting their request, and indeed after admittance, the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. This carried those happy few, whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I don’t know whether I should even now have had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a pleasant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely train of youths of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up.

He put me in mind of the country clown who is painted in the map for leading prince Eugene over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand, and producing several, which, he said, were given to him by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as passes, among which methought I saw some of my own writing. The whole assembly was admitted, and gave by their presence, a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mansions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forester in the lawns to direct passengers, who, by their own merit, or instructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor; and forgive me, Mr. Spectator, if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered but we were sprinkled three times with the water of the fountain of Aganippe, which had power to deliver us from all harms but only Envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path when we arrived at the summit of the hill; where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention; the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full aged, and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsisten-

cies by showing them in his mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and wore with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of this nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs. The other was Judgment, the offspring of Time, and the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring: his name was Wit, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next, both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region: I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing views than before: I breathed a purer ether in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. Apollo was seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged laurel spread its boughs and its shade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilst the Muses round about him celebrated with hymns his victory over the serpent Python, and sometimes sung in softer notes the loves of Leucothoe and Daphnis. Homer, Virgil and Milton, were seated the next to them. Behind

were a great number of others, among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of Laplanders, who, notwithstanding the uncouthness of their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I saw Pindar walking all alone, no one daring to accost him, till Cowley joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.

‘A little further I saw another group of figures: I made up to them, and found it was Socrates dictating to Xenophon and the spirit of Plato; but, most of all, Musæus had the greatest audience about him. I was at too great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived Virgil, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

‘Lastly, at the very brink of the hill, I saw Boccalini sending despatches to the world below, of what happened upon Parnassus: but I perceived he did it without leave of the muses, and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them revised by Apollo. I could now, from this height and serene sky, behold the infinite cares and anxieties with which mortals below sought out their way through the maze of life. I saw the path of virtue lie straight before them, whilst Interest, or some malicious demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the two contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed;

and awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hope that this relation of my dream will not displease you.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 515. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21.

*Pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,  
Monuisse frustra*——

TER. HEAUT.

I am ashamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice who gave me the character of these creatures.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account I lately sent to you of a coquette who disturbed a sober congregation in the city of London, (No. 503.) That intelligence ended at her taking a coach, and bidding the driver go where he knew. I could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard as she drove, to Paul's church-yard, where there was a stop of coaches attending company coming out of the cathedral. This gave me an opportunity to hold up a crown to her coachman, who gave me the signal that he would hurry on and make no haste, as you know the way is when they favour a chase. By his many kind blunders, driving against other coaches, and slipping off some of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my fine lady in the parish of St. James's. As I guessed, when I first saw her at church, her business is to win hearts and throw them away, regarding nothing but the triumph. I

have had the happiness, by tracing her through all with whom I heard she was acquainted, to find one who was intimate with a friend of mine, and to be introduced to her notice. I have made so good use of my time, as to procure from that intimate of her's one of her letters, which she writ to her when in the country. This epistle of her own may serve to alarm the world against her ordinary life, as mine, I hope, did those who shall behold her at church. The letter was written last winter to the lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but you will find it the soul of a happy self-loving dame that takes all the admiration she can meet with, and returns none of it in love to her admirers.

‘DEAR JENNY,

‘I am glad to find you are likely to be disposed of in marriage so much to your approbation, as you tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, for I shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice a discernor to laugh at any but whom most other people think fine fellows; so that your dear may bring you hither as soon as your horses are in case enough to appear in town, and you will be very safe against any raillery you may apprehend from me; for I am surrounded with coxcombs of my own making, who are all ridiculous in a manner your good man, I presume, can not exert himself. As men who can not raise their fortunes, and are uneasy under the incapacity of shining at court, rail at ambition; so do awkward and insipid women, who can not warm the hearts and charm the eyes of men, rail at affecta-



tion: but she that has the joy of seeing a man's heart leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in no pain for want of esteem among a crew of that part of her own sex, who have no spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of malice. I do not in this, I hope, express myself insensible of the merit of Leodacia, who lowers her beauty to all but her husband, and never spreads her charms but to gladden him who has a right in them; I say, I do honour to those who can be-coquettes, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, and in despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and villify all those who can. But, be that as it will, in answer to your desire of knowing my history, one of my chief present pleasures is in country-dances, and in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of coming up to me with a good grace, showing themselves in their address to others in my presence, and the like opportunities, they are all proficient in that way; and I had the happiness of being the other night where we made six couple, and every woman's partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest imagination can not form to itself on any occasion higher delight than I acknowledge myself to have been in all that evening. I chose out of my admirers a set of men who most love me, and gave them partners of such of my own sex who most envied me.

'My way is, when any man who is my admirer pretends to give himself airs of merit, as at this time a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his presence the most insignificant creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty Mr. Fanfly.

who, you know, is the most obsequious, well-shaped, well-bred, woman's man in town. I at first entrance declared him my partner if I danced at all; which put the whole assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from such a rival. But we had not been long in the room before I overheard the meritorious gentleman abovementioned, say with an oath, there is no raillery in the thing, she certainly loves the puppy. My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occasion to be very soft in his oglings upon a lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all women I love most to outshine. The contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had no hard task to out-vex him. I made Fanfly, with a very little encouragement, cut capers *coupee*; and then sink with all the air and tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the gentleman you know of fall into the same way, and imitate as well as he could the despised Fanfly. I can not well give you, who are so grave a country lady, the idea of the joy we have when we see a stubborn heart breaking, or a man of sense turning fool for our sakes; but this happened to our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, to court, to the play, or to the park. This is a sacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the eloquence of beauty and easy mien. I mean by an easy mien, one which can be on occasion easily affected: for I must tell you, dear Jenny, I hold one maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greatest charms are owing to affection. 'Tis to that our arms can lodge so quietly just over our hips, and the fan can play

without any force or motion but just of the wrist. 'Tis to affectation we owe the pensive attention of Deidamia at a tragedy, the scornful approbation of Dulcimara at a comedy, and the lowly aspect of Lanquicelsa at a sermon.

'To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleasure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the approbation of the man whose regard I had a mind to. You see all the men who make a figure in the world (as wise a look as they are pleased to put upon the matter) are moved by the same vanity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to make other people's wills depend upon yours? This indeed is not to be aimed at by one who has a genius no higher than to think of being a very good housewife in a country gentleman's family. The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the countenance; the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any thing to take up her thoughts, but her own dear person. But I interrupt you too long from your cares and myself from my conquests. I am, madam,

'Your most humble servant.'

'Give me leave, Mr. Spectator, to add her friend's answer to this epistle, who is a very discreet, ingenious woman.

'DEAR GATTY,

'I take your raillery in very good part, and am obliged to you for the free air with which you speak of your own gaieties. But this is but a barren superficial pleasure. Indeed, Gatty, we are made for man; and in serious sadness I must

tell you, whether you yourself know it or no, all these gallantries tend to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as fast as you can. I am, madam, your most humble servant.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 516. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22.

*Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus.*

*Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum*

*Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos*

*Esse deos quos ipse colit—*

JUV. Sat.

—A grudge, time out of mind, begun,  
And mutually bequeathed from sire to son!  
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first  
The quarrel, which so long the bigots nurst;  
Each calls the other's God a senseless stock;  
His own, divine.

TATE.

OF all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as that those who profess the common name of christian should pursue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue the steps of any leader should form themselves after his manner, that it is impossible to account for effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but by ascribing such effects to the ambition and corruption of those who are so audacious, with souls full of fury, to serve at the altars of the God of peace.

The massacres to which the church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful instances of the truth of this observation; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion and the cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by those who profess holiness, and become incendiaries, and under the dispensations of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

This subject and catastrophe, which deserves so well to be remarked by the protestant world, will, I doubt not, be considered by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the descendants of those who perished on that lamentable day, in a manner suitable to the occasion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little tract, called the Christian Hero, published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero, William III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late majesty of glorious memory, and the most christian king are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholic world, in the following manner:

‘There were not ever, before the entrance of the christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which heaven seems

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to have sent them amongst us; both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience; one's happiness is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan: one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: the one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors; the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them. To one therefore, religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

‘For without such ties of real and solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of none; but is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interest; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices; by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

‘Thus when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a country but to adorn a court: for while every man's vanity makes him believe himself capable of becom-

ing luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude; which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off, with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses; and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both; so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

‘Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince’s having no other pursuit than that of his own glory: for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the figure he is to make amongst them; what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were, but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just prospect, would place in the number of his slaves, and the extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects of a prince’s living with no religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

‘If ambition were spirited with zeal, what would follow, but that his people should be converted into an army, whose swords can make right in power, and solve controversy in belief? And if men should be stiffnecked to the doctrine of that visible church, let them be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate on Him, “whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light.”

‘With a tyranny began on his own subjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? and if nothing but the thirst of sway were the motive of his actions, why should treaties be other than mere words, or solemn national compacts be any thing but a halt in the march of that army, who are never to lay down their arms till all men are reduced to the necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own sins by other men’s sufferings, while he daily meditates new slaughter and new conquest?

‘For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased with myriads offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the adulation of a base and prostrate world, into an opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less; and alas! what is there that mortal man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts of a power as omnipresent as his. But should there be such a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked heaven, that we



are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius that can conduct and animate us to our death or to our defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his grace.

‘ All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our prince, seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny: for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued struggle, and heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress; in just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, a heroic, and a christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them: for integrity bears in itself its reward; nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

‘ With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, an universal good not to be engrossed by us only, for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the

earth, but the address of its princes, and if that world should be again roused from the repose which his prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle, may find he is but ripe for destruction? and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful? For there does not want a skilful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion: a prince, who from——

'——*Fruit Ilium et ingens*  
*Gloria*——

VIRG.

'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.' DRYDEN.  
STEELE. T.



## No. 517. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23.

*Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*——

VIRGIL.

Mirror of ancient faith!

Undaunted worth! inviolable truth!

DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.\* He departed this life at his house

\* 'Mr. Addison was so fond of this character, that a little before he laid down the Spectator, (foreseeing that some nimble  
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in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

‘HONoured SIR,

‘Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice

gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it,) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, “By G——, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.” Accordingly, the whole Spectator, No. 517, consists of nothing else but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it.’

done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black ridinghood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon

the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge: and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum*: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze and the women in ridinghoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people

that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from, honoured sir,

‘ Your most sorrowful servant,

‘ EDWARD BISCUIT.’

‘ P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler’s manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger’s own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man’s hand-writing, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs us that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

ADDISON.

O.

No. 518. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23.

## From the Letter-Box.

— *Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,  
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.* JUV.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame :  
For, take the pillars but away, and all  
The superstructure must in ruins fall. STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment like a treat at a nouse-warming, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first dish which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good Sir Roger, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you, that you should write his epitaph, and, if possible, fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

'Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, sir, that I have made discovery of a church-yard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public: it belongs to the church of Stebonheath, commonly

called Stepney. Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I can not tell, but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tombstones than myself, my studies having laid very much in church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner, the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic, the second is something light but nervous. The first is thus:

"Here Thomas Sapper lies interred. Ah why!  
Born in New England, did in London die;  
Was the third son of eight, begot upon  
His mother Martha by his father John.  
Much favoured by his prince he 'gan to be,  
But nipt by death at the age of twenty-three.  
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,  
By which his mother and two brethren came  
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,  
And now have left their father to deplore  
The loss of all his children with his wife,  
Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

'The second is as follows:

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,  
Spittlefields weaver, and that's all."

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I



once met with, though I can not possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and, in my opinion, the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

*"Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diet supremi. Qualis eras, dies iste indicabit."*

"Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of man he was, that day will discover."

'I am, sir, &c.'

The following letter is dated from Cambridge.

'SIR,

'Having lately read among your speculations an essay upon Physiognomy, (No. 86, and 206) I can not but think that if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition conformable to the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world: but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

'As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprized that there is a very close correspondence between

the outward and the inward man: that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exteriors, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated, from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information: the practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose, to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of his galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, in perfection. So likewise the Belles Lettres are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a noddle-case loaded with pulvil. Again, a grave solemn stalking pace is heroic poetry and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode and the modern ballad: and an open breast, with an an-

dacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

‘I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige your very humble servant,

‘TOM TWEER.’\*



## No. 519. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,  
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.* VIRG.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another, there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe, the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is

\* This last letter was written by the noted orator Henley.

amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled, every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet: as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to beings which are

conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense, besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfec

tions of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has, therefore, specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being: The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular pro-

gress, so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him, since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the power which produced him.

‘That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together: seals live at land and at sea, and por-

poises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one and the highest of the other, there will be scarce perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganic parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us towards his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath, we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing; and yet of all these distinct species we have no clear distinct ideas.'

In this system of being there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has



been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption, 'Thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.'

ADDISON.

O.



No. 520. MONDAY, OCTOBER 27.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis?*—

HOR.

And who can grieve too much? What time shall end  
Our mourning for so dear a friend?

CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE just value you have expressed for the matrimonial state is the reason that I now venture to write to you without fear of being ridiculous; and confess to you that though it is three months since I lost a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, with a reflection what she would say or do on such an occasion; I say, upon any occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a sense of, though I can not express it wholly, I am all over softness, and am obliged to retire and give way to a few sighs and tears before I can be easy. I can not but recommend the subject of male widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first opportunity.

To those who have not lived like husbands during the lives of their spouses, this would be a tasteless jumble of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that state with the sentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the sorrow, attended with a tear of pity and consolation. For I know not by what goodness of Providence it is, that every gush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret consciousness in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My concern is indeed not so outrageous as at the first transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a sober state of mind than any actual perturbation of spirit. There might be rules formed for men's behaviour on this great incident, to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my sorrow has converted all roughness of temper into meekness, good-nature, and complacency; but indeed, when in a serious and lonely hour I present my departed consort to my imagination, with that air of persuasion in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good humour, that tender compassion when I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness, I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you

know, that all the comfort she gives me make my tears flow more easily? The knows she quickens my sorrows, and r my heart at the same time. Oh ye learne me by what word to speak a motion of th for which there is no name. When she and bids me be comforted, she is my child; I take her in my arms and bid her say no she is my very wife, and is the very comfort lament the loss of. I banish her the room weep aloud that I have lost her mother, and I have her.

‘Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible you to have a sense of these pleasing parties! you might communicate to the guilty of mankind, that they are incapable of the piness which is in the very sorrows of the tuous.

‘But pray spare me a little longer, give leave to tell you the manner of her death. took leave of all her family, and bore the application of medicines with the greatest tience imaginable. When the physician her she must certainly die, she desired, as as she could, that all who were present except myself, might depart the room. She said had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and knew all she knew that concerned us in world; but she desired to be alone, that in presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of thanking for all my kindness to her; adding that she had in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in

she had acquitted herself with honour, truth and virtue, to me.

‘I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant, and when immediately after I saw the pangs of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with transport, when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me; how did I lose all patience? She expired in my arms, and in my distraction, I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left. I cried, ‘She just now spoke to me.’ But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the distemper of my own head, for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

‘Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to

overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

‘You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said. There is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious, or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man’s being a blockhead, than not to know the beauty of any passage in Virgil. You have not yet observed, Mr. Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart, and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find, upon examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are the most capable of it. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

‘*Norwich 7<sup>o</sup> Octobris, 1712.*      ‘F. J.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 521. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28.

*Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.* P. ARB.

The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I condemn the man given to narration under the appellation of a matter-of-fact man; and, according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter of fact.

‘I remember when Prince Eugene was here, there was no knowing his height or figure, till you, Mr. Spectator, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relation, the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of the voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves, which being repeated in any other manner by the undiscerning, bear a very different interpretation from their original meaning. I must confess I formerly have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not so. Indeed, I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the matter any particular way in op-

position to theirs; but as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a more particular skill in warming a man so far in his narration as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the nicest management, otherwise very probably the dispute may arise to the old determination by battle. In these conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon intelligence, and have put themselves to great charge and expense to be misinformed considerably sooner than the rest of the world.

‘ Having got a comfortable sum by this my opposition to public report, I have brought myself now to so great a perfection in inattention, more especially to party relations, that at the same time I seem with greedy ears to devour up the discourse, I certainly do not know one word of it, but pursue my own course of thought, whether upon business or amusement, with much tranquillity: I say inattention, because a late act of parliament\* has secured all party liars from the penalty of a wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of

\* By St. 7. ch. 17. of Anne, all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared to be void.

the keenest attention, the true posture of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table, with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over: besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain by the pleasure of hearing him.

‘Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and elegant heats and animosities: and there was one the other day in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of a man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information, for the very same reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as Shakspeare describes in the following lines:

I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news.”

‘I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts. The genius of the first consists in much impudence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language. These therefore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal



will permit, and are called reciters. Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lie at Charing-Cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town till eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account of what censure it had at Will's in Covent-Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child's, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan's. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of, in search of one of his falsehoods; and have been present when they have described the very man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a ragamuffin, according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that when he has had a customer come with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the description of the offender; for when a person is put into a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such a person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man describes him; therefore this fellow always made his customers describe him as he would the day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this speculation. I am, sir,

‘Your most obedient and humble servant.’

STEELE.

T.

## No. 522. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29

—*Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum :*

*Non, si cupiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines.*

*Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit ; conveniunt mores ; valeant,*

*Qui inter nos discidium volunt : hanc, nisi mors, mi adimet*  
*nemo.* TER. Andr.

I swear never to forsake her ; no, though I were sure to make all men my enemies ; her I desire : her I have obtained : our humours agree ; perish all those who would separate us ! Death alone shall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD esteem myself a very happy man if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society ; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers, in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, and what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition ; but as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself, whether the man who has most of these recommendations in the lump is not the

most desirable? He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches can not purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy: such are those who are far gone in the pleasures of the town, who can not support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and calm motion of spirits without transport or dejection. These ingenious men of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty, to pass away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these if he does not look upon the woman (who chose him to be under his protection in sickness and health with the utmost gratitude, whether from that moment, she is shining or defective in person or mind; I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the failings of those who love them, and who always think those the objects of love and pity who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is Lysander, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature, of birth and estate below no woman to accept, and of whom it might be said should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in their pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who can not strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrash and his wife, though not married above four months, have had scarce a word to say to each other these six weeks; and one can not form to one's self a sillier picture than those two creatures in solemn pomp and plenty, unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full stop among the crowd of servants to whose taste of life they are beholden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the life of a very modest woman, joined to a dull fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object, which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feast to her, nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in hav

ing her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and her's. A man of sense who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction: while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so; his conscience should be of my side whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well chosen love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters, one from a lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and, laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

‘MADAM,

‘My counsel has considered the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which it seems is only yours and to the male-heirs of your body; but in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, madam, I am advised you can not (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee-simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females; but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

‘I am, Madam, with great respect,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘T. W.’

The other lover’s estate is less than this gentleman’s, but he expressed himself as follows:

‘MADAM,

‘I have given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyer to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you with what can not make me happy without you.

‘I am, Madam,

‘Your most devoted humble servant,

‘B. T.’

You must know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed at, and uncle Edward is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the fair lady will make use of the first light night to show B. T. she understands a marriage is not to be considered as a common bargain.

STEELE.



No. 523. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30.

—*Nunc augur Apollo,  
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso  
Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras,  
Scilicet is superis labor—*

VIRG.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian God,  
Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,  
To warn him hence: as if the peaceful state  
Of heavenly powers were touched with human fate.

DRYDEN.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published On the Prospect of Peace,\* and which I hope will meet with such a reward

\* By Mr. Thomas Tickell.—See No. 620.

from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at any things of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen* than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of *Apollo*, or a description of *Polypheme*. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock-heroic poems, the use of the heathen



mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastorals of Mr. Philips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fawns and satyrs, wood-nymys and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting, in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the Pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd

practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

‘Whereas, the time of a general peace, is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to show their talents on so happy an occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense, which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any of the muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or dispatch relating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the threads of man’s life, upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear, that Neptune will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile,

or any very short allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to the whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him; in short, I expect that no pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man can not give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.'

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 524. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31.

*Nos populo damus—*

SENECA.

As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I first of all took it in my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer an excuse

for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called the lady's dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept: 'Never tell thy dream,' says that philosopher, 'for though thou thyself may'st take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it.' After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these, which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country, and for all I know may be second-sighted. There is indeed something in it of the spirit of John Bunyan: but at the same time a certain sublime, which that author was never master of. I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

'SIR,

'I was last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue, and great folly of vice, from an excellent sermon

I had heard that afternoon in my parish-church. Among other observations, the preacher showed us that the temptations which the tempter proposed were all on a supposition that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory, till at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppressions of slumber and sleep, whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision.

‘Methought I was just awoke out of a sleep that I could never remember the beginning of; the place where I found myself to be was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards, that these last all met in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

‘In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain; they called it the spring of Self-Love. out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward: the name of the first was Heavenly-Wisdom; its water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect: the other’s name was Worldly-Wisdom; its water was thick, and

yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a continual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the water; which had this effect, that it intoxicated those who drank it, and made them mistake every object that lay before them. Both rivulets were parted near their springs into so many others, as there were straight and crooked paths, which they attended all along to their respective issues.

‘I observed from the several paths many now and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify themselves for their journey, to the respective rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable courage and steadiness in what they were about by drinking these waters. At the end of the perspective of every straight path, all which did end in one issue and point, appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, casting rays as bright as those of the sun, into the paths, which rays had also certain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them; so that whosoever had made some considerable progress in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by the repeated impression of these rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and conversion of his sight, towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the straight paths, which alone led to that radiant body; the beholding of which was now grown a gratification to his nature.

‘At the issue of the crooked paths there was a great black tower, out of the centre of which

streamed a long succession of flames, which did rise even above the clouds; it gave a very great light to the whole plain, which did sometimes outshine the light, and oppressed the beams of the adamantine pillar, though by the observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay in the travellers who would sometimes step out of these straight paths, where they lost the full prospect of the radiant pillar, and saw it but sideways; but the great light from the black tower, which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper climate again.

‘Round about the black tower there were, methought, many thousands of huge misshapen ugly monsters; these had great nets, which they were perpetually plying and casting towards the crooked paths; and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them; these they took up straight and whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they were no more seen nor heard of.

‘They would sometimes cast their nets towards the right paths to catch the stragglers, whose eyes, for want of frequent drinking at the brook that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their way; these would sometimes very narrowly miss being caught away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the straight paths.

‘I considered all these strange sights with great attention, till at last I was interrupted by a cluster of the travellers in the crooked paths, who

came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to singing and dancing: they took me by the hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I perceived I had lost the black tower of light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I begun to fancy my first vision had been but a dream, and there was no such a thing in reality: but when I considered that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an illusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought by the effect I then just observed the water of Worldly-Wisdom had upon me; for as I had drank a little of it again, I felt a very sensible effect in my head; methought it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some charm or enchantment. As I was casting about within myself what I should do; and whom to apply to in this case, I spied at some distance off me a man beckoning and making signs to me to come over to him. I cried to him, I did not know the way. He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the path I was in; for if I staid there any longer, I was in danger to be caught in a great net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up, that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a danger; assuring me, that as soon as I was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me into a more secure path. This he did; and he brought me his palm full of the water of Heavenly-Wisdom, which was of very great use to me,



for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great black tower just before me; but the great net which I spied so near me, cast me into such a terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one breath, without looking behind me. Then my benefactor thus bespoke me; ‘ You have made the wonderfullest escape in the world, the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place; for beside the set of blind fools, in whose company you was, you may now behold many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way; there goes a crowd of passengers; they have indeed so good a head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by the bewitching water; the black tower is not vanished out of their sight; they see it whenever they look up to it: but see how they go sideways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being beforehand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them, they will run all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

‘ See there that other company, though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding, see how they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the black tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant column sideways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not

knowing whether any other have any more of its influence and light than themselves; this road is called that of superstition, or human invention; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of their place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme and set of directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn. He showed me many other kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way, till we came in closer sight of the pillar, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it; in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a dream.

*Glasgow, Sept. 29.\**



No. 525. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Ὁ δ' αὖτε το σάφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἀγαν ἔχει,  
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν.

EURIP.

That love alone, which virtue's law's control,  
Deserves reception in the human soul.

It is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring, from time to time, what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my discourses on marriage

\* This paper has been ascribed to Professor Simpson of Glasgow—others say it was the joint production of Professor Dunlop and a Mr. Montgomery, a merchant, both of that city.

have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors Commons, that more licenses have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty fellows, who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity: one of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may show his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness, who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest wit and satire of the last age will be lost: that a bashful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the raillery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heiress of her fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond husband.

Indeed, if I may speak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us, under the notion of humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an association among the wits of those times to rally legitimacy out of our island. A state of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventurers in a farce and comedy, as well as the essayers in lampoon and satire, to shoot at, and nothing was a more standing jest in all clubs of fashionable mirth and gay conversation. It was determined

among those airy critics, that the appellation of a sober man should signify a spiritless fellow. And I am apt to think it was about the same time that good-nature, a word so peculiarly elegant in our language that some have affirmed it can not well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered suspicious and in danger of being transferred from its original sense to so distant an idea as that of folly.

I must confess it has been my ambition, in the course of my writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the subject of marriage in several papers, I shall here add some further observations which occur to me on the same head.

Nothing seems to be thought by our fine gentlemen, so indispensable an ornament in fashionable life, as love. 'A knight-errant,' says Don Quixote, 'without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves;' and a man of mode among us, who has not some fair one to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed without his periwig. We have lovers in prose innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are professed inamoratos; and there is scarce a poet, good or bad to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed Sacharissa to improve his vein.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform

endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a friend and a lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand fopperies, silly artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air. The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness and constancy, drest in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful Narcissa, among heaps of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a style must the wise Benevolus, who converses with that good-sense and good-humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affections? Benevolus, both in public and private, on all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad,

he is revered and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation: even those of his acquaintance who have never seen him in his retirement, are sharers in the happiness of it: and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most steadfast of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their tastes of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family-pieces of this kind I ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

#### PLINY TO HISPULLA.

‘As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fa-

thers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You'd smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she can not refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear; where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who has had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept

therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her me; and her's that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.'

HUGHES.



No. 526. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

——— *Fortius utere loris.*

OVID.

Keep a stiff rein.

ADDISON.

I AM very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, till I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my Spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, resolution, and integrity of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices, which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the above mentioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. John Sly; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my animadversion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correspondent, as



well as all others described in the said deputation.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

‘I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

‘DEAR DUMB,

‘Being got again to the farther end of the widow’s coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen since my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, without the least design, I dare say, or self interest, or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers day and night for the good of their country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an infant about six feet high, and between twenty and thirty years of age, who was seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman driving by Will’s coffee-house, in Covent-Garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon of that very day wherein you published a memorial against them. This impudent young cur, though he could not sit in a coach-box without holding, yet would he venture his neck to bid defiance to your Spectatorial authority or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of this his impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you

should nip him in the bud. But I am myself most concerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-students, and fellow-labourers in the law, I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aspiring minds have these ambitious young men, that they can not enjoy themselves out of a coach-box. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me, that I can now tell you, that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the night-time, or in the country. The other night I spied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lucubrations in Fleet-Street, and by the way, I should be under some concern lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars, on Thursday last, was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-lane, in order I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh air. Now sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest; and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen, for I have really observed, Mr. Spec, that those spectators which are so prettily laced down the side with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the

others. I do again, therefore desire, that, for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them, and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honest parents, should be brought to public shame: and indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first: but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to reclaim them, but by making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the street, I shall make bold to take the number of his chambers,\* together with a note of his name, and despatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion.

‘I am, dear Spec, for ever your’s,

‘MOSES GREENBAG,

‘Esq. if you please.’

P.S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our coachmen is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.

\* Alluding to the precaution of taking the number of a hackney-coach before you enter it.

*To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, haberdasher of hats, and tobacconist, between the cities of London and Westminster.\**

‘WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your residence;

\* Dr. John Hoadly relates an anecdote of this eccentric character in the following words.—‘My father, on a pressing invitation, once attended, when bishop of Bangor, one of the whig meetings at the Trumpet in Shire-lane, where Steele rather exposed himself in his zeal, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened:—

‘John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house: and when pretty mellow took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink it off to the “immortal memory,” and to retire in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him, “Do laugh; ’tis humanity to laugh.”

‘Sir Richard, being in the evening too much in the same condition, was put into a chair, and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the bishop of Bangor’s late as it was. However, the chairman carried him home, and got him up stairs; when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs again, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. Next morning he was much ashamed, and sent the bishop this distich,—

“Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,  
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.”

‘On such another occasion the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney-coach, with some labour and pains, when a tory mob was just passing by, and their cry was “Down with the Rump,” &c. “Up with the Rump,” cried Sir Richard to the waiters, “or I shall not get home to night.”

and that you are as well as by your commodious situation, as the good parts with which you are endowed properly qualified for the observation of the said offences: I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, to keep a strict eye upon all persons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot, from the city of London to the city of Westminster; or from the city of Westminster to the city of London, within the said hours. You are therefore not to depart from your observatory at the end of Devereux court during the said space of each day, but to observe the behaviour of all persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on pebbles to sit at ease in chariots, what notice they take of their foot acquaintance, and send me the speediest advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the same coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world between fondness and coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot you are to be attentive whether they be pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet by a low-heeled shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather garter; to write down the names of such country gentlemen, as upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the

military cock of the hat: of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass: of all young gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the people. You are to do all that, in you lies that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in term-time towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein enclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and Spectatorial hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

‘THE SPECTATOR.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 527. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

*Facile invenies et pejorem, et pejus moratam :  
Meliozem neque tu reperies, neque sol videt.*

PLAUTUS IN STICHO.

You will easily find a worse woman ; a better the sun never shone upon.

I AM so tender of my women readers, that I can not defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden

lady in the second. I call it a felicity to have the addresses of an agreeable man; and I think I have not any where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of his, in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the history-picture of a fan in so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘It is now almost three months since I was in town about some business, and the hurry of it being over, I took coach one afternoon, and drove to see a relation, who married about six years ago a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at the furthest. After the usual salutations of kindness, and an hundred questions about friends in the country, we sat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since marriage: but before she lived at the same town where I went to school; so that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-humour to indulge me in a freedom of conversation as often, and oftener than the strict discipline of the school would allow of. You may easily imagine after such an acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any offence; as in calling to mind how many inventions I had been put to in deluding the master, how many hands forged for excuses, how many times been sick in perfect health; for I was then never sick but at school, and only then because out of her company. We had whiled away three

hours after this manner; when I found it past five: and not expecting her husband would return till late, rose up, told her I should go early next morning for the country: she kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again; so I took my leave and parted. Now, sir, I had not been got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal afternoon the lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the husband publicly stormed that he was made a member of too numerous a society. He had, it seems, listened most of the time my cousin and I were together. As jealous ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes always see through magnifying glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless stripling, but fancied he saw a gay gentleman of the Temple, ten years older than myself; and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) until she see her cousin again. Pray, sir, what can be done in this case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his house all that afternoon expecting to see him: his answer is, 'tis only a trick of her's and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms in him all his errors. Ben Johnson, as I remember, makes a foreigner in one of his comedies "admire the desperate valour of the bold English, who let out their wives to all encounters." The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour



done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You can not imagine, sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and I beg you would insert this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter, the ease of a virtuous woman for her whole life; I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously, Pisistratus the Athenian tyrant behaved himself on a like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his daughter, he had kissed her in public as he met her in the street: "What," says he, "shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do thus to those who are our friends?" I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband, who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. 'Tis to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal, as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain and honest letter with Ovid's relation about Cybele's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tyber, and the men were unable to move it, till Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of unchastity, by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the *Fasti*.

Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,  
 Reward or punish, but oh! hear my prayer.  
 If lewdness e'er defiled my virgin bloom,  
 From Heaven with justice I receive my doom  
 But if my honour yet has known no stain,  
 Thou, goddess, thou my innocence maintain :  
 Thou, whom the nicest rules of goodness swayed,  
 Vouchsafe to follow an unblemished maid.'  
 She spoke, and touched the cord with glad surprise,  
 (The truth was witnessed by ten thousand eyes,)  
 The pitying goddess easily complied,  
 Followed in triumph, and adorned her guide ;  
 While Claudia, blushing still for past disgrace,  
 Marched silent on with a slow solemn pace :  
 Nor yet from some was all distrust removed,  
 Though heaven such virtue by such wonders proved.

'I am, sir, your very humble servant,

'PHILAGNOTES.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You will oblige a languishing lover if you will please to print the enclosed verses in your next paper. If you remember the metamorphosis, you know Procris, the fond wife of Cephalus, is said to have made her husband, who delighted in the sports of the wood, a present of an unerring javelin. In process of time he was so much in the forest, that his lady suspected he was pursuing some nymph under the pretence of following a chase more innocent. Under this suspicion, she hid herself among the trees to observe his motions. While she lay concealed, her husband, tired with the labour of hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting with heat, he cried out, *Aura veni!* "Oh charming air, approach!"

'The unfortunate wife, taking the word air to be the name of a woman, began to move among

the bushes; and the husband believing it a deer, threw his javelin and killed her. This history painted on a fan, which I presented to a lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

'Come, gentle air! the Æolian shepherd said,  
While Procris panted in the secret shade;  
Come gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,  
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.  
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound,  
Both gifts destructive to the giver prove,  
Alike both lovers fall by those they love!  
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives.  
She views the story with attentive eyes,  
And pities Procris while her lover dies.\*



### No. 528. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

• *Dum potuit, solitâ gemitum virtute repressit.* OVID.

With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,  
And not a groan confessed her burning heart. GAY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you am a woman loaded with injuries, and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind, and though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such

\* These verses and the letter by which they are introduced, were written by Pope. It is not known who wrote the rest of the paper, as it was not lettered at the end; but it might probably be Hughes. See the concluding paragraph of No. 537.

in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have now taken pen, ink and paper, and am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady; but methinks you have not in any one speculation directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To show you, sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library, as you promised, we read good books of our own choosing, I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman History. In the 44th page of the second volume the author observes, that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The emperor thereupon assembled the whole Equestrian order, and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former, but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. Spectator, he told the bachelors, "That their lives and actions had been so peculiar that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the

city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name." Then proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, "That their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs; for they were guilty of murder in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods; and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them: therefore in this respect they dissolved the government, in disobeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded, not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government." There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare

themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, burials: and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years, last past, you might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I can not but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own, which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared, at the same time is a housekeeper; for you must know they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their sins: and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable housekeepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissoluteness of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, with-

out shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful, helpless, young women, are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr. Spectator, I must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty as he calls it, for all the wealth and beauty the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that by fining bachelors as papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world who fall in with the measures of civil societies. Lest you should think I speak this, as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you, I am a woman of condition, not now three-and-twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have, upon the upshot, refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench: a settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which

are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. Spectator, I sat near you the other day, and I think I did not displease your Spectatorial eye-sight; which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of, sir,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,  
‘RACHEL WELLADAY.’

STEELE.

T.



## No. 529. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

*Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.*

HOR.

Let every thing have its due place.

ROSCOMMON.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean, at large, all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the author of a folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto: the author of a quarto above the author of an octavo, and so on by a gradual descent and subordination to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of a duodecimo



has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presume to take place of a pamphleteer, till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads; not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received, time out of mind, in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to

the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and book-sellers take the wall of one another according to the abovementioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above 'squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions.\* I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to the Present State of England, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanor; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from the left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a trage-

\* In some universities, as in Dublin for instance, they have doctors of music, who take rank after the doctors of the three learned professions and above esquires.

dian always take place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, 'Once a king, and always a king.' For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of a hero, though he were but five feet high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversations, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add that by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted, before comic writers; those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. Dryden and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters

ADDISON.

O.

## No. 530. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

*Sic visum Veneri: cui placet impares  
Fermas atque animos sub juga ahenæ  
Sæpe mittere cum joco.*

HOR. OD.

Thus Venus sports; the rich, the base,  
Unlike in fortune, and in face,  
To disagreeing love provokes;  
When cruelly jocose,  
She ties the fatal noose,  
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

It is very usual for those who have been very severe upon marriage, in some parts or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not sooner or later pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such a one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's *Old Bachelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humour as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction, by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The

Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will had fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed 'Dear Spec, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into, 'My worthy Friend, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain, Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad

among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogam, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such a one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I can not leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of "The Marriage-hater Matched;" but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shut up, that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle* any

longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen,) and as your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

‘WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.’

ADDISON.

O.



## No. 531. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

*Qui mare et terras variisque mundum*

*Temperat horis:*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,*

*Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*

HOR.

Who guides below, and rules above,  
The great Disposer and the mighty King:

Than he none greater; next him none,

That can be, is, or was;

Supreme he singly fills the throne.

CREECH.

SIMONIDES being asked by Dionysius the tyrant, what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days, and after

wards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end to it.

If we consider the idea which wise men by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections; and what is a faculty in a human soul, becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his *Essay on Human Understanding*. 'If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way, and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection: v. g. having from what we experiment in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration,



of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers which it is better to have than to be without, when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex idea of God.'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kinds of perfection except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head that when we have raised

our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. 'There is no end of his greatness:' the most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. 'By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can, for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary: for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contem-

plation of our own worthlessness and of his transcendant excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts run more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would in a particular manner banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country,\* and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty years, has told me that he was so

\* By Bishop Burnet at the funeral of the honourable Robert Boyle.

exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar questions, and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour; not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries. It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

ADDISON.

O.

END OF VOL. X.

7



7

m.  $\overline{v}$









